PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

JUN 5 1947

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXXIII. No. 843. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1947 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	305
AMERICA AND PALESTINE	307
THE FUTURE OF LOCAL GOVERNMENT	308
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic	308
LITTLE ORPHANT HARRY. By Sagittarius	309
THIS ENGLAND	309
CLYDESIDE. By Ritchie Calder	310
MALAYAN MEDLEY. By Graham Hough	311
DOMESTIC WORKER. By Theresa Macdonald	311
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	Page
Rosenkavalier. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	312
The Movies. By William Whitebait	313
Radio Notes. By Edward Sackville West	313
The Theatre. By Stephen Potter	313
Soutine. By Roger Marvell	314
CORRESPONDENCE	314
From: Edward Britton; George Reavey; Douglas Goldring; John Veale; S. C. B. Yorke; B. Italianer; T. M. Unwin; and others.	
	Page
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Raymond Mortimer	317
REVIEWS:	
New Poetry. By G. W. Stonier	318
The New Caudillo. By J. C. del Valle	319
Accuracy in English. By E. E. Kellett	319
Russia's "New America." By John Lawrence	320
Lincoln Again. By S. K. Ratcliffe	321
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	322

VASSALLIANCE OR INDEPENDENCE?

WHEN Mr. Marshall, on his return from Moscow, met and talked to Congressional leaders at the White House, the Washington correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* reported that the feeling in America was one of relief that, just as the fall of France marked the end of a phoney war, so to-day a stage has been reached in relations between the U.S.A. and the Soviet Union which marks the end of a "phoney peace." In his broadcast on Monday night the Secretary of State took a less catastrophic view of the situation. Quoting Mr. Stalin's expression of belief that compromises would be possible on all the main questions affecting Germany, he voiced the guarded hope that progress, "however painfully slow," was being made by the study (which would continue between now and November), of the "critical differences" brought to light in Moscow. He gave no hint, however, that any concessions which were necessary to reach agreement would come from the American side. On the contrary, he reiterated that the United States was firmly opposed to the receipt by the U.S.S.R. of reparations out of current German production, to the establishment of a central government in a unified Reich, or to the acceptance as final of the Oder-Neisse line. The whole blame for the insuperable disagreements at Moscow he placed on the refusal of the Soviet Union to modify its standpoint.

It seems clear, in fact, that Mr. Marshall is relying on American toughness to prevail in a diplomatic war of attrition and to succeed in the end in extracting compromises from the U.S.S.R. The indications so far are that the U.S.S.R. will go on meeting toughness with toughness. Mr. Marshall therefore intends to continue and extend the Truman counter-offensive against Communism. There are already reports that the State Department considers—in the interests of "stable conditions" in Indonesia—that Holland (not Indonesia) might be a suitable recipient for a dollar loan; the needs of Britain, France and Italy for financial assistance from abroad are being actively canvassed in Washington; and everything points to the assumption by Mr. Marshall of command in an American campaign to build up, on the widest possible basis, a bloc of States—half vassals, half allies—pledged to resist Communism and to support the American conception of Big Business democracy.

If this be so, Britain stands at the parting of the ways. Should she turn to the Right and co-operate in President Truman's new Imperialism, the role for which she is cast by the United States is to provide the manpower to hold the advance strategic bases which America needs in Europe and the Middle East, while American dollars help to make good, on terms, the resulting deficiencies of British civilian manpower and production. The terms on which this financial assistance would be given would be the renunciation of Socialism in this country. We are not prepared to agree that we cannot find an alternative and more promising road. The case against accepting Mr. Marshall's invitation is put well in *Keep Left*, a pamphlet issued, with an obvious eye to the coming Margate Conference of the Labour Party, by a group of fifteen Labour M.P.s, who can all be described with rough justice as Left-Centre.

After a detailed and lucid analysis of the facts summarised in the official "Economic Survey" and of the Government's hesitant steps in "democratic" planning, the authors put forward convincingly the proposition that the economic situation of this country is such that the crisis foreseeable when the dollar loan is exhausted can be overcome only by much more positive Socialist planning and forcible execution of plans than the Government has yet contemplated. They show that, economically, we are in no position to afford armed forces on the scale of those now being maintained. But the objections to a policy of "vassalliance" with the United States are not solely economic. If Britain becomes the junior partner and advance outpost of an American-dominated system of "collective security against Communism," she will merely be ensuring in every country the polarisation of Right and Left—development fatal to democratic Socialism and likely in the long run to lead to a World War in which Britain would be the first victim of starvation and the atomic bomb.

What follows? Not that Britain should enter the camp of Communist countries. Even were the authors of *Keep Left* inclined to advocate such a policy, their advocacy would make little impression on the Margate Conference. However repugnant anti-Communism in Mr. Truman's sense may be to the British working class, which wants positive Socialism, not "anti" anything, the Labour Movement is firm in its faith in democracy, and is in no mind to be *gleichgeschaltet* in any totalitarian pattern of Government. What the fifteen Labour M.P.s urge is that we should do everything possible to reduce our economic dependence on the New World, that we should strive to avert the division of Europe into an American and a Russian sphere of influence, and that we should endeavour to develop the Anglo-French alliance into a European regional security system under Uno. Would not this be simply the old idea of a Western Bloc in a new guise? The authors of *Keep Left* are obviously alive to the possibility of this criticism. Their answer is that it would be essential for members of the "system" to convince the U.S.S.R. of the genuineness of their independence of America. For this purpose they should begin by renouncing military staff conversations with non-European Powers, abjuring the manufacture of atomic bombs, and agreeing to submit their armaments at once to United Nations' inspection. This done, their aim should be to secure a Four-Power agreement on the exploitation of Middle Eastern oil; to vest in Uno the responsibility for the defence of the Dardanelles and Suez, thus enabling a time-table to be announced for the withdrawal of British troops from Greece, Palestine and Egypt; and to work for a Germany politically united, but economically integrated into the planned economy of her neighbours and forbidden to develop self-contained heavy industry.

The success of such a policy would clearly depend to a large extent on how far the nations of Europe have already made up their minds that they must either rely on American dollars or fit their economy into gear with that of the U.S.S.R. and the Russian sphere of influence. Could the British Socialist lead, which is demanded

in *Keep Left*, succeed in creating in Europe (with its economic dependencies) a federation sufficiently strong and so nearly self-supporting as to be economically and politically independent of America and Russia? Obviously the crux is the development of a France with which a Social-Democratic Britain can closely co-operate. Given that essential, it is not utopian to set our sights on the target of one Socialist Europe, and to regard such an objective as a step towards and not away from the One World we desire.

Elections in Japan

Japan has just held her first General Election under the Constitution drafted for her by General MacArthur's Headquarters Staff. It was preceded by the election of prefectural governors and heads of towns and villages and by the election of the Upper House now known as the House of Councillors. General MacArthur was pleased with the results and congratulated the people on the proof they had given him of their moderation. "The basic issue," he said, "was the selection between political philosophies. That of the totalitarian extreme Right has already been discredited and rejected . . . that of the extreme Left, the Communist philosophy, was still at issue with its leaders bidding strongly for popular support. It had its full chance, and on merits has failed." The result of the Election, he added, was "sufficiently centred from either extreme to insure preservation of freedom and the enhancement of individual liberty." The Japanese electorate seemed very lukewarm; in the election for prefectural governors about half the voters went to the polls. About the same proportion voted for the Upper House, which has taken the place of the old nominated House of Peers. The Social Democrats made some gains, but the Upper House is mainly representative of the Conservatives. The election for the House of Representatives was far more lively. The Social Democrats put forward a programme similar to that of the Labour Government and increased their strength from 99 to 143. But they have not won a majority, and the new Japanese Government is likely to be Right-wing and to share General MacArthur's own way of thinking. It will have to deal with an economic crisis, particularly with inflation; it must face the problems of wages and prices and rationing with greater energy than did the Yoshida administration, if it is to avoid widespread strikes and general unrest not reflected in electoral apathy.

The Liberal Assembly

The delegates to the Liberal Assembly last week-end displayed a good deal of self-satisfaction about their party's progress and prospects. Their organisation has undoubtedly improved. They talk of contesting most constituencies at the next General Election. They feel that they can win voters who are now disillusioned with the Labour experiment but have no intention of returning the Tories to power. But is this Liberal challenge to be taken seriously? As a party, the Liberals have shed much of the radicalism they assumed in 1945. The resolutions passed by the Assembly suggest that they have moved a considerable distance to the Right in the last two years. But do they offer a constructive alternative to either Labour or Tory policies? They say so. To us it seems unlikely that a large percentage of the electorate will be willing to cast votes for a third party which, at best, can hope to hold the balance in the House and thus wring concessions from the party in power. In foreign policy the leadership of the Liberal Party is now clearly aligned behind the Anglo-American front. Mr. Foot successfully called for the rejection of a motion demanding a British withdrawal from Greece on the grounds that this would mean the end of all civil liberties in that country. It is strange, surely, that Truman, whose policy is frankly Conservative, rather than Mr. Wallace, who is Jeffersonian in his attitude to personal freedom and Keynesian in his economics, should be regarded by British Liberals as the true protagonist of liberal freedom in the modern world. It looks as if the Liberal Party has made up its mind to go into reverse, fearing lest it slide farther down the slippery road towards Socialism. Though the Liberals have repudiated any alliance with the Tories, within or outside Parliament, they are hostile to nationalisation (here they are pre-Lloyd Georgian) and, more consistently, they fear what they call "trade union dictatorship." But most of their policy-making, for the present at least, is "for the record." The Liberty Bill which Lord Reading has introduced into the House of Lords is an interesting compendium which deserves further analysis, but it shows, at its basis, a sincere but vague enthusiasm for traditional catchwords, frustrated by inability to put nineteenth-century wine into twentieth-century bottles.

Steel Next Year

It seems now to be clear that the Government intends to include a Steel Nationalisation Bill in its programme for the next Parliamentary session, and that the Bill will provide for complete public acquisition of the share capital of a number of the leading concerns. The idea of acquiring only a controlling interest, while leaving a minority of the equity capital in private hands, seems to have been given up; but it is apparently intended to keep the socialised concerns in being as separate units, except where amalgamation, or re-distribution of properties, appears to be desirable on particular grounds. This would seem to be a sensible plan; for it will largely get rid of difficulties about the precise area over which socialisation is to extend. Some finishing plant will be acquired and operated publicly, where it forms part of an integrated concern from which it cannot easily be split away; but for the most part the finishing end of the steel industry, with its great diversity of techniques and products, will be left under private ownership and operation. Pending the Bill's enactment, the processes of capital reorganisation will continue under the auspices of the Steel Board and of the separate firms; and there seems to be no reason why socialisation, when it comes, should in any way interrupt the smooth process of development. Doubtless the leaders of the steel industry, who have refused to collaborate in any way with the Government in making the socialisation plan, will take a different view; but, from the standpoint of the industry's future, this will make no real difference. What is important is that the Government, while preserving the identity of the separate concerns, shall put over them a strong central directing authority able to plan effectively for the whole industry in relation to both the sources of supply and its customers at home and abroad.

Voluntary Fuel Saving

There seems to be a good deal of wishful thinking in Mr. Shinwell's plan to bring about summer fuel-saving by the enactment of a statutory ban on space heating—in houses from the beginning of May until the end of September, and in commercial premises (except for night work) until the end of October—and by appealing to domestic consumers to cut their consumption of gas and electricity by 25 per cent. In relation to households the plan suffers from the defect that the ban is in practice not enforceable: on cold days the virtuous will shiver, the selfish can switch on with impunity. Moreover, so far as economies in the use of gas and power for cooking are concerned, the great bulk of consumers are already pretty careful to avoid waste in the interests of their personal household budgets; and it is doubtful whether the minority, to whom gas and electricity bills are of no great account, will trouble to familiarise themselves with meter reading or aim at a target whose attainment in the individual house may seem to bear little relation to the need to set aside 10 million tons of coal this summer for restocking.

To ensure receiving THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION each week readers are recommended to place a definite order with their newsagent.

For postal subscription rates see page 318.

The Miners' Five-day Week

The five-day week in the mines is now in operation. From next Monday the effective working week will end on Fridays; Saturday and Sunday shifts will rank for overtime. There is almost bound to be, for good and sufficient reasons which have nothing to do with the efforts of the miners, a drop in production during the first months of re-adjustment. Such a drop is certain to be taken advantage of by hostile critics, and the public may feel that the miners in insisting on their long-fought-for principle of a five-day week have taken an unfair advantage of the national dependence upon them. The miners on the other hand will, in fact, be cutting six days' production in five, and will have a righteous grievance at such public criticism. It would have been better if the authorities had made the public familiar with the facts. The five-day week is more than a social measure for the benefit of the miners; The Reid Report insisted upon it as an essential of technical efficiency; the Americans have demonstrated that it is in fact a means of increasing production and not of reducing it. In the British mines, however, the difficulties of underground haulage and the increased demands on the winding gear will make it, temporarily, difficult to shift to the surface six days' coal in five. This is not a problem for the miners, who are prepared to make every effort to overcome such difficulties, but of the management and administrative and technical readjustment. There may be an awkward two months and, if there is not, it will redound to the credit of workers and management alike. Meanwhile, the mining outlook improves. The target for increased recruitment for the mines in 1947 was 38,000. Half of that number has already been recruited in the first four months. The numbers of returning miners from the Forces is naturally dropping, but there has been an almost embarrassing influx of boys who, untrained, cannot, of course, materially affect production for some time. This influx will not continue since the extension of the school-leaving age will restrain it. But it is a healthy sign of a new attitude to the coal industry and to the "new deal" of nationalisation.

Commercialised Vice

London's huge anonymity has always, as in any large city, sheltered a certain amount of "vice," the moral epithet covering anything from solitary prostitution to the exploitation of depravity by well-to-do syndicates. Where it is organised, relationships between street-walkers and their backers are usually businesslike if not amicable; prosecutions for "living on immoral earnings" are rare in proportion to the reluctance of women to testify against *souteneurs* who treat them "fairly," and syndication offers advantages in this as in most other businesses. In the recent Old Bailey trial one such alleged syndicate (of which more may be heard) was brought into prominence because its street women had been victimised by members of a rival gang, as a somewhat oblique method of avenging physical injury sustained in a gang-scuffle. But for some such chance, the ponce who treats his women reasonably well is no doubt difficult to catch. It is accordingly difficult to form an opinion whether the alarming stories in some sections of the press about vice racketeers operating on a large scale reflect any grave worsening of a situation already bad enough; but at least there is, unfortunately, clear evidence that "gang warfare" between rival cliques that exist to break the law, but each want a monopoly in the breaking of it, is on the increase.

PARLIAMENT: The Guillotine Falls

Wednesday

DURING Monday and Tuesday's languors the House paid in advance a heavy price for the dramatic farce produced by A. P. H. on Wednesday night. At 9.30 the guillotine severed the body of the Transport Bill somewhere just above the waistline; thirty Tories, who had been saving their lungs for this moment, held a well-organised wake over the dismembered corpse. This was good enough no doubt for the public outside—for whom it was staged. But in the Chamber itself the effect was spoilt by the fact that the Tories had very obviously strung out their speeches on the earlier clauses in order to leave as many as possible to be voted on without debate, after the closure. In this way they hoped to "prove" that the Bill was being rushed through without adequate discussion.

There was not very much in this contention. It is no secret that all parties had worked together harmoniously and efficiently in the Committee upstairs where all the main issues had been hammered out in very thorough discussion. On the floor of the House Maxwell Fyfe, who on this Bill has at last earned the reputation with which he returned to the House, was obviously on the best of terms with the Minister. Both displayed competence and good temper in trying conditions. Fyfe was ably supported by Assheton and Alf Barnes by George Strauss. Both the Minister and his Parliamentary Secretary have exceeded the expectations of all who did not know them well.

Only a handful of backbenchers on either side took an active part in the debate. Mr. Poole, who seemed to be in charge of the gigantic pile of Tory amendments, Mr. Renton, smug, but well briefed for the Liberals, and Mr. Maclay, with his specialised knowledge of the docks, had obviously mastered this complicated measure and earned the respect of their opponents. They did all the hard work while Mr. Thornycroft breezed in to the Chamber every now and then from the smoking room to execute a dashing parliamentary caper. On the Government side, Douglas Jay, Ernest Davies and Tom Procter were there to repeat the arguments which they now knew all too well. Meanwhile the majority of Members on both sides, who understood little of what was going on, sat about listlessly, consoling themselves with the thought that at least their division records would be improved by this three-day lobby marathon. Late on Tuesday night the Chamber was nearly emptied to hear a male voice choir in the tea room singing Moodie and Sankey hymns under the leadership of Leah Manning.

In truth, though this may be an untidy Bill, it has aroused, among the very few who understood it, far less opposition than had been expected. Once the decision had been taken to drop the clauses dealing with "C" Licences, the only really controversial issue was compensation and this did produce an excellent debate on Monday. But after this, despite all the talk of stifling discussion, there was little said which justified sitting up on Tuesday night till 2 a.m.

What the Tories really object to is the idea that this vast industry should be nationalised at all. But they have no clear notion how it should be organised without nationalisation and they do not pretend that the return to free enterprise is practicable. The House of Commons, even when it does not understand the details, feels when real issues are at stake. This week it knew instinctively that the Transport Debate was not an occasion when the individual can be moved by something bigger than party loyalty. That is why, though the Act will produce gigantic social changes, its passage has not been a major event in the life of this Parliament; and the Report stage, of which the Tories had expected so much, degenerated into a wearisome ceremony at which attendance was enforced and attention minimal.

This mood would, of course, change if the House of Lords were to knock the Bill about. It was for the sake of the Peers that the Tories staged their demonstration against the guillotine. Should the Peers succumb to the temptation to maul this measure, the Government will be presented with an issue of popular liberty and the debate on their amendments will be a really big occasion. PHINEAS

AMERICA AND PALESTINE

THE failure of the Great Powers to solve the German problem gives an added interest to the special Uno Assembly which began this week. Will the nations in conclave fare better than the Big Four? Palestine is certainly a more complex and baffling problem even than Germany. Indeed, it involves a whole series of problems, superimposed on one another: the clash of rights between an astonishing Socialist experiment in overseas settlement and an indigenous people, just awaking from medieval decadence; the struggle of world Jewry against the Arab world; the conflict of religions, and finally the power politics of great Empires. No severer test of peace-making in public assembly could have been conceived.

Only the failures of British statesmanship have made it necessary to refer this problem to Uno. Eighteen months ago British prestige in the Middle East was at its height and the Arab States, remembering their shady war record, were in a passive mood. In the autumn of 1945 Mr. Bevin could have imposed either partition or a unitary solution which gave the Jews responsibility for immigration into their own part of the country. As late as last May he could have imposed the unanimous recommendations of the Anglo-American Committee. But purposeful indecision has made a solution more difficult month by month, until to-day Palestine is an object lesson in the abuse of Mandatory power, and its Jewish and Arab inhabitants agree in one thing only, their loathing for the foreign army and officials who occupy the country which both so fiercely claim.

It is unlikely, however, that the Assembly will concern itself very deeply with the rights and wrongs of Palestine. The Russians no doubt will take the opportunity for propaganda about British Imperialism. A few of the smaller Powers, since justice is impossible, may try to discover where the lesser injustice lies. But inevitably the human problems of the Jewish survivors in Europe and of the Arab fellahin will be overlaid by the complexities of Middle Eastern politics. Any agreement which the Assembly may reach will be more concerned with the balance of power than with justice or human happiness. In a world divided into rival blocs, the Jewish National Home, unrepresented in the Assembly which is to decide its fate, will only survive if its survival is of decided advantage to one side or to the other. Since the U.S.S.R. has nothing to gain by supporting it, its fate depends on the attitude of America and Britain.

It has often been assumed in this country that the U.S.A. will come forward as the champion of the National Home. The President, both Houses of Congress, both political Parties, are all solemnly pledged to do so, and the American press has been unanimous in its denunciation of the British failure to establish a Jewish commonwealth. Britain has spoken with two voices to Jew and Arab and has been rightly condemned for duplicity. For twenty-five years America has a consistent record—at least in public—of political and financial support for the Jews of Palestine.

Yet it is almost certain that in New York, faced at long last with the necessity for making good these solemn promises, Mr. Marshall will equivocate as shabbily as any British statesman—and for precisely the same reasons. The threat of going over to the enemy has never yet failed the Arab diplomats in dealing with the Western world. In 1939 it gave them the White Paper. In 1945, within a few weeks of Germany's defeat and the Labour Party's solemn reaffirmation of its Zionist policy, Mr. Bevin succumbed to it once again in order to keep them out of the arms of Russia. Will Mr. Marshall in 1947 fare any better? Having decided that Middle Eastern oil is a vital American interest, he too is faced by the conflict between his pledged word to a homeless people and the strategic necessity of appeasing the Arab League.

It is this fact which gives to the special Assembly its peculiar dramatic interest. The Arab States are seeking to prevent the setting up of a fact-finding Committee and hope to obtain an immediate decision in favour of an independent Arab Palestine. In this they are over-optimistic. It is true that Mr. Beeley, Mr. Bevin's chief advisor, now in New York as British representative, has shown an unwavering loyalty to the Arab League, but Mr. Bevin is too shrewd to permit his impetuous expert to plead in public the case to which he is so passionately attached. The Foreign Secretary's aim is not to rush a decision in favour of the Arabs but to obtain overt American assent to a solution which maintains British rule in Palestine and disposes of the Jewish aspiration to a Commonwealth.

Mr. Marshall is well aware of the dangers ahead. So far he has refused to commit himself to anything but the laconic statement that American policy is unchanged. He will maintain this reserve for as long as possible, hoping that the partition proposal, which he must support in order to placate American Jewry, will be put forward by a Central American satellite after the fact-finding committee has reported. Then, when he has seen the reaction of the Assembly to partition, he can decide how best to proceed.

It is obviously better policy for America to give another loan to Britain and so enable her to remain the dominant Power in the Middle East rather than to accept any military and political responsibility in the area. To the general dislike of unlimited foreign commitments are added in the case of Palestine special reasons for keeping out. Mr. Marshall knows that no proposals he may make can conceivably satisfy both the American Chiefs of Staff and American public opinion. The more closely he studies the Middle East, the more reluctant will he be to mix himself up in the Palestine problem. If Mr. Bevin shows any inclination to maintain British rule in Palestine and can be induced to accept a compromise solution which absolves America from interference, Mr. Marshall will seek to push it through Uno. The best arrangement from his point of view would be the rejection of partition, despite American support, and the continuance of British rule under a new Trusteeship Agreement severely restricting Jewish immigration. Britain would continue to provide the soldiers and to receive the odium, while the American public would continue to exercise the privilege of booing the British from the sidelines.

The most likely result of the Assembly, therefore, is a Pyrrhic victory for Mr. Bevin—a decision to leave Britain in charge of Palestine because no one else wants the job of suppressing the Jews, but nearly everyone has an interest in courting the Arabs. It is to be hoped that the Cabinet is fully aware of this danger. Nothing can prevent the U.S.A. from becoming the dominant economic Power in the Middle East. She has the dollars and the only issue is whether she will use them wisely and can be induced to accept some political and military responsibility. She will certainly not do so, so long as Mr. Bevin shows any anxiety to play the role of the leading Western Power in the area.

The conclusion is obvious enough. The British representatives at the Assembly should make it clear that, whatever the Assembly decides, Britain will no longer administer Palestine. Here justice and expediency coincide. A British police State in which civil liberties have been destroyed and two adult peoples subjected to arbitrary colonial rule is something no Socialist Government—indeed no British Government—can afford to maintain. Nor can we afford to keep 100,000 soldiers, 15,000 policemen and a large part of our Navy on the detestable job of preventing the survivors of the Concentration Camps from escaping to the only community willing to receive them. In 1937 the Peel Commission decided that the Mandate was unworkable. This is even truer to-day. One thing, at least, therefore, should be beyond ques-

tion: that it is neither in British, Jewish, nor Arab interest to transform the Mandate into a trusteeship agreement, administered by Britain.

The only practical alternatives, therefore, are legal or illegal partition. If the Arab States have their way and Palestine is given immediate independence, the Jews will carve out for themselves an area and hold its frontiers with the Haganah. No other course is open to them. Illegal partition of this sort is obviously less desirable than a partition sanctioned by Uno and enforced with international backing. But there is no chance of Mr. Marshall standing out for it unless he is strongly supported by the British Government. A majority of the Cabinet is known to favour partition. Is that majority prepared to get its way? If not, the outlook is black.

THE FUTURE OF LOCAL GOVERNMENT

When the Local Government Boundary Commission was set up, there was widespread fear that it would shelve the major issues of reorganisation and content itself with comparatively minor readjustments that would arouse only a limited amount of opposition. The whole problem was known to be highly intractable, because the two main associations of large local authorities stood for sharply conflicting principles and the lesser authorities were hostile to both. The County Boroughs wished to extend their areas, and cried up the virtues of the "one-tier" system under which all local government powers are concentrated in the hands of a single body. The Counties, which stood to lose heavily in population and in rateable value if the County Boroughs got their way, strongly opposed this solution, and for the most part wished to preserve their existing areas, but to acquire still greater powers over the non-county Boroughs and County Districts. These lesser authorities, for their part, protested vigorously against extinction or further subordination—some of the larger seeking to become County Boroughs, singly or by amalgamation, and the smaller resisting any plan that would lower their status or reduce their power, even if it stopped short of destroying them altogether.

In face of this conflict of views, the Boundary Commission could have taken the line of least resistance, by merely extending the areas of a few County Boroughs over a small part of the territory to which they laid claim; by readjusting other boundaries here and there; and, perhaps, by amalgamating a few of the smallest counties, which are most obviously unable under modern conditions to provide even tolerably efficient all-round service. Happily, the Commission's Report on its first year's work, which has just been issued, shows that it is by no means disposed to take this line, and that it is contemplating —though it has at present no adequate power to effect—really far-reaching reorganisations of the existing local government structure.

The Report now issued settles no major principle. It is essentially an interim document, recording work still in progress and mostly still at a fairly early stage. The very reason, however, why the Commission has so little to report in the way of finished achievement is that it has rejected the merely piecemeal method of tackling the tasks entrusted to it and has already made up its mind that it will have to go to the Government and secure for itself, or get embodied in an Act of Parliament, much more extensive powers than were conferred on it in the first instance. At present, it cannot, without parliamentary endorsement, abolish or change the status of any County or County Borough; and it has been instructed further that no County Borough of more than 60,000 and no County of more than 100,000 population should reasonably be abolished, degraded, or amalgamated against its will. There are many other restrictions on the Commission's powers, some of them intentional, and others seemingly due to bad drafting of the Act or of the regulations; and the Commission is definitely asking for a new Act which will remove the anomalies, and give it larger discretion in pressing its proclaimed object of making "as far as is practicable, all local government authorities, both individually and collectively, effective and convenient units."

The bodies which have been most energetic in putting proposals before the Commission are the County Boroughs. Already 80 out of 83 County Boroughs have applied to have their boundaries extended to such an extent that, if all the requests were granted, the population living in County Boroughs would be raised from about 12½ to about 18½ millions. In England (without Wales) this would mean that the Administrative Counties would lose more than a quarter of their population and rateable value. In some areas the results would be even further reaching: Lancashire County Council would lose nearly two-thirds of its population and value; and a good many other Counties would become quite unmanageable units for efficient service and would lose all reality as focusing points for local or regional feeling.

What this really means is that the aspirations of the County Boroughs cannot in practice be satisfied without wiping out a number of Counties by dividing up their entire areas between the great towns; and, if it were decided to go to this length, it would be difficult to resist those who wish to go still further, and to split up the whole country into a number of County Boroughs, including rural as well as urban areas. The supposed virtue of this solution is that it would wipe out all the little authorities, and would set up everywhere a "one-tier" system. But is this a virtue, either in the less urbanised areas or even in the big towns? It means abandoning all close relations between the local authorities and the citizens they are supposed to represent, destroying every point of focus for really local feeling, and denying all chances of civic service to the ordinary men or women who may be in a position to serve on a small authority, but assuredly cannot give the time needed for membership of a Council operating over a large area.

The Commission, in its Report, appears to be alive to the importance of keeping small units, even if a good many powers need, to-day, to be exercised by bodies acting over large areas. It pronounces, by implication, in favour of the retention of Parish Councils, which a good many bureaucrats have been wishful to sweep away, and refers sympathetically to the proposal to set up small unit authorities inside large towns. It also makes, quite categorically, the proposal that the distinction of powers that now exist between non-county Boroughs, Urban Districts, and Rural Districts shall be removed, and that all these shall act as County Districts, even if the Boroughs are to be allowed to retain their Charters, their Mayors, and such ceremonials as they choose to keep up.

In these and in its other immediate proposals and suggestions the Commission is taking an eminently sensible line. It is also, in our view, wise in refusing, save in a few exceptional cases, to recommend either large changes in County Borough areas or the setting up of new County Boroughs in response to the many requests which it has received until it gets some clearer lead from the Government as to the lines along which major reorganisations are to be made. In a few instances, among which Plymouth is outstanding, prompt decisions have to be made, because urgent projects of re-planning cannot be deferred. But most cities will not be in a position just yet to embark on major planning and building projects; and it would be a great mistake for the Commission to allow itself to be hustled into endorsing local proposals which might get sadly in the way of a more comprehensive and more fully considered scheme.

The most interesting of all the projects so far laid before the Commission comes from South-East Lancashire, where Manchester and a group of neighbouring towns, large as well as small, are considering a plan under which they would all unite to form a single regional authority. Under this plan, the separate local authorities would not disappear: they would retain such functions as can conveniently be administered over relatively small areas, but would surrender their County Borough status to the new body, and would become partly its agents and partly autonomous authorities within the area under its control. This project, which has a great deal to recommend it, is still only at the preliminary stage, and has not yet received the final endorsement of the authorities concerned. But it has got far enough for the Commission to be actively engaged in examining it; and plainly, if such a solution were adopted for Greater Manchester, a great impetus would be given to similar developments in some of the other great "conurbations"—Merseyside, Birmingham, Tyneside, and perhaps certain parts of the West Riding.

Broadly, what is needed seems to be tolerably clear. The smaller Administrative Counties will have to be merged with their neighbours. There will have to be large additions to County Borough areas and also to a number of the non-county Boroughs, and Urban Districts. But this need not involve the dissolution of the Counties: it should rather involve the vesting of some of the powers of the County Boroughs in County or Regional Councils on which they would be represented together with the rest of the areas in question. At the other end of the scale, the Parish Councils, far from being abolished, should be strengthened for the exercise of power, but kept within "neighbourhood" limits; and to them should be added parallel small "neighbourhood" Councils in the urban areas. These changes have, of course, large financial implications; but these can be assessed only when the general lines along which Government grants-in-aid are to be paid in the future have been made known. The next step is for the Government, in the light of the Commission's Report, to make up its mind promptly what it proposes to do, and to give the Commission the directions and the power to carry through the major reorganisations from which it has perforce at present to hold its hand.

A LONDON DIARY

One or two points about the gangster hold-up in which an unfortunate motor-cyclist was killed seem clear enough even though a lot of the relevant facts are not yet known. These armed thieves, probably deserters living by crime, do not appear to be gangsters after the American model. If there is truth in the newspaper reports of the events in Tottenham Court Road they seem to have been amateurs, who were scared into flight by opposition and covered their retreat by wild shooting. Unhappily, one man was killed, but the hold-up failed and, if the men are caught, the net effect will be deterrent. I remember being told that after the last war when similar conditions existed, the resistance of one man who refused to take orders at the revolver's point was a decisive factor in checking gangsterism. If, at an early stage, Chicago citizens had refused to be intimidated, then Al Capone could never have organised his racket. Public courage is the first necessity in preventing organised gangsterism. The second is an efficient police force and an honest judicial machine. Here, too, we are more fortunate than the United States. Another essential factor is that there should be the greatest difficulty in obtaining firearms. This, I think, is the case now; unfortunately, it was terribly easy to get revolvers in the period immediately after the war. Lastly, it is essential that the police should not be armed. I know it is hard for unarmed constables in some cases, but the more intelligent of them agree with students of crime that, once the police are armed, then men who would not otherwise run the risk of swinging, also begin to carry arms. In that case, you get just that type of shooting match which must at all costs be prevented. No factor has been so important in keeping

Britain's record of comparative public decency and order than the faet that our police are an unarmed civilian body.

* * *

The invigorating air of St. Andrews seems to have done Mr. Attlee good; in his speech to the Scottish T.U.C. our mild-mannered Prime Minister, in a welcome change of role, treated Mr. Churchill to a display of vigorous polemical cut and thrust. Mr. Churchill, of course, is entitled to retort, as he did, that the "disastrous" decision to go back to the Gold Standard in 1925, at the cost of ensuing deflation and unemployment, was taken on the advice of an expert committee for whose appointment Mr. Snowden was responsible; but this does not dispose of Mr. Attlee's charge that, as Chancellor, Mr. Churchill brought misery on this country by accepting blindly the financial policy advocated by the Governor of the Bank and the other "baleful Bourbons" of the City. I thought, however, that Mr. Attlee drew blood most effectively in dealing with Mr. Churchill's complaint that "the Socialist Government are living upon the American dole." Coming from the chief proponent of the policy of economic and political reliance on the United States, this criticism was really a bit too thick. I was surprised that Mr. Attlee did not strengthen his case by explaining in some detail why so little of the dollar loan appears to be spent on vitally needed machinery from the United States. Obviously some of it has to go in food purchases; but if, as I am told, the small proportion of machinery in our imports from the U.S.A. is due, not to British failure to give absolute priority to machinery orders, but simply to the difficulties of getting deliveries from American producers of machine tools, the more widely this is made known the better.

* * *

"No one told us why we had stopped just outside Southampton," said a friend, who arrived here on the *Queen Elizabeth*. "We just had to be good and keep quiet." For "security reasons" no communication of any sort was allowed with anyone on land—though passengers had been able to send all the wireless messages they wanted while at sea. Nothing was done to inform relatives or friends—not even a B.B.C. communiqué which might have reassured some people in remote places who only knew there had been great gales just before and that the *Queen Elizabeth* had had some sort of accident. When the first passengers were allowed ashore twenty-four hours late, the telegraph office on the docks was shut. They could cable to Australia if they wished and ask people there to cable back to Bristol or London, but they could not send any direct message to their bewildered friends ashore. The two available telephones—there were some hundreds wanting to phone—were naturally monopolised by the local pressmen with long and urgent news stories. In short, no arrangements of any sort were made, even for Americans who had been urged to come as tourists. Many of them did not know England or what to do when all their hotel and transport arrangements were put completely out of gear. The last straw was the inability of the authorities to relax the rule by which alcohol cannot be served within the five-mile limit. Some passengers stayed on board for three days without being able to get a drink. What our American guests said can be better guessed than repeated. Some of them are now quite sure that we are the inefficient, unfriendly people they were told to expect.

* * *

An Indian friend, long resident abroad, gives me, on his return from a visit to his country, a deplorable account of the growth of communal hatred. He is on excellent terms with many Hindus and Muslims. It is no longer true, he says, that Muslims and Hindus live contentedly together in the villages, or that the Army is immune from the communal virus. It has penetrated deeply into the peasant life of India, and in the towns Hindus dismiss Muslim employees and Muslims try to employ no Hindus. Amongst his striking experiences was hiring a car driven by a Muslim to a distant Hindu house. As he was staying there for some hours, the Hindu family offered the driver food. He refused to take anything from Hindus. My friend added that, bad though conditions would be, the British were right to fix a date for leaving because it was impossible for us to stay with credit or for our administration to accomplish anything more. I asked if he expected civil war; he said that general civil war was in his view impossible because in most provinces the minorities were too small and too cut off to make a fight, though he admitted there might be massacres and something like a war was possible both in the Punjab and in Bengal, where there was something like an even balance of population.

* * *

Many teachers have written to me recently endorsing the Government's decision to raise the school-leaving age. But nearly every letter has ended with a warning that this increase in the school population will only intensify the technical difficulties which are already hampering education. We have too few teachers, a serious shortage of proper buildings, paper and books. Since these things cannot be remedied quickly, the Ministry of Education is naturally paying close attention to new or alternative methods of teaching. One answer is to use more films. But there is an early limit to their value, especially for younger children. Perhaps there is more to be learnt from film-strips, which are in fact an improvement on the old magic-lantern. I am glad to hear that there is official encouragement for their use in schools. Each strip contains thirty to forty pictures or simple charts on a specific subject, accompanied by detailed notes for the use of the teacher. The strips are cheap and simple to use. Their use is not limited to schools. During the war, they were used for training purposes in the Services. They are also suitable for adult education and for universities. One firm, *Common Ground*, which is producing a series on a wide selection of subjects—from biology to history—is confident that teachers will be using strips on a large scale as soon as sufficient projectors are available. I have seen some of their work in the last week. If I were a pupil once again I should find this an exciting and valuable way of learning.

* * *

The fine weather has been filling Speakers' Corner in Hyde Park. I was surprised to find the other evening only one speaker you could have called political, and even he had been reduced to puckered silence by a small, black-bearded man who was tip-toeing in the crowd to shout at him. The bearded man was too angry to be intelligible, but I think he was explaining why someone ought to be shot. The man on the rostrum spoke four times while I was there. Each time he announced in a strangled yell that the wealth of the world belonged to the workers . . . A smaller crowd adjoining was precariously held by a young Salvation Army man, earnest and simple. Next there was a group of about fifty round an elderly lady of indescribable refinement, who spoke esoterically from a Catholic Truth Society rostrum about the pitfalls of translating Holy Writ. Two or three sad, emaciated men addressed themselves inaudibly to irresolute groups who stared uncomfortably at the ground; one of these was singing bleakly. And then there was a vast crowd listening in complete silence to a gesticulating stentor who told them there were only three actors in the country. These were Gielgud, Richardson, and the stentor. What kept him off the stage? Jealousy and nepotism. So he took Shakespeare and Marlowe and Jonson to the people in the streets of the West End, suffering in the name of a dying art the brutality and coarseness of "those buttoned-up hirelings of propertied decadence," the Metropolitan Police. But I missed the ribaldry I've seen there before. The whole arena seemed plunged in gloom.

Ever since Marie Antoinette the French have had a weakness for political aphorisms about bread. The latest is attributed to de Gaulle: "La France manque de pain? Moi, je serai le Boulanger." CRITIC

LITTLE ORPHANT HARRY

(After James Whitcomb Riley)

Little orphant Harry's in the White House to stay,
And sweep the nooks and corners out an' shoo the Reds away,
An' peek right up the chimbley flue where secret agents hide,
'Cause gangs of big bad cryptos have somehow crawled inside;
He finds 'em in the woodpile an' the shed an' chicken-run,
An' all us children sits around and has the mostest fun,
A-list'ning to the witch hunts 'at Harry tells about,
An' the Comintern 'at gits you ef you don't watch out!

An' little orphant Harry says we'd best mind how we go,
'Cause you can catch the Bolshie bug before you even know;
American ole folks may say that thought an' speech are free,
But 'most all Civil Servants now will get the Third Degree,
An' all us other children must trail the Soviet spy,
An' mind what we are thinking, an' help the F.B.I.
An' squelch our dangerous notions before they start to sprout.
For the Comintern 'll git you ef you don't watch out!

An' little orphant Harry when he gives a fireside chat,
He shows that Bolshie bogey till our hearts go pit-a-pat;
An' now America is set to give the Reds the works
He'll cherish them 'at loves us, like de Gaullists, Greeks an' Turks
An' hand those freedom-loving boys a million dollar loan,
An' purge all State employees in our European Zone,
An' starve pore needy Communists 'at cluster all about,
Or the Comintern 'll git us, ef we don't watch out!

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Denys H. Breeze.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

The other day, when passing a Shrewsbury hotel, I recognised a titled lady who was being assisted to her car by the chauffeur. Remembering the magnificent work she had done for this country whilst in America during the war years, I was about to pay my compliments when a passing workman called out in a coarse voice what I took to be, "H'up the Landed Gentry," following this remark with an objectionable noise.

Unfortunately, I was not, at that time, carrying my riding crop, or I should certainly have given the lout what for.—Letter in *Shrewsbury Chronicle*.

Three soldiers charged at Southampton yesterday with stealing two fowls, valued at £3, said that the sergeant-major was leaving the unit and they wanted to give him a treat. They were each fined 40s.—Report in *The Times*.

The Handlebar Club is the idea of Windmill Theatre comic, Jimmy Edwards. Last night he got together 18 of the owners of the biggest moustaches in England to form the nucleus of what he hopes will become a nation-wide movement.—Report in *Daily Herald*.

CLYDESIDE

On Red Clydeside, where even the Communist Party produces pamphlets invoking Rabbie Burns as a sort of patron saint and dialectical materialism is unashamedly emulsified with sentiment, there is no such thing as a "Statistical Man." Socialism is still the simple brotherhood of Keir Hardie, and a redundant docker is not an index figure but "Auld Jock," whose premature stoop is a legacy of hard work on the quays, or "Young Sandy," whose wife had a bairn last week. And that, complain the local leaders, is what "our Ministers" in the fastnesses of Whitehall or picketed by officials at St. Andrew's House, Edinburgh, have forgotten. To them, the Clyde is just an exasperatingly intractable item in the *Ministry of Labour Gazette* or an encouraging item in the *Board of Trade Journal*—a paradox of unemployment in the midst of full employment. While the shipyards are producing a third of all Britain's impressive new shipping tonnage and an eighth of the world's output, the West of Scotland accounts for the bulk of Scotland's 100,000 unemployed. Which makes the Government's new posters, "Work or Want," not only ironical but cynically cruel.

In spite of everything, there is no mistaking the loyalty of the workers to their party in power or their pride in the Government's substantial achievements; but it is the critical, rather hurt, loyalty and pride of a family whose son has become a success but also a bit of a snob. The burden of the complaints is that the Government has lost the common touch and thinks of graphs rather than human beings. That is a grievous fault in the eyes of a community where, even in the old days of righteous riot and resentment, "passion" was an abbreviation for "compassion," where, in the grim days of the Clydebank evictions, I have known starvelings pawn their suits to pay another's rent or go to gaol in defence of another's home, and where politics meant the soap-box at the shipyard gates and the help-each-other of the Labour Party rooms.

There could not be a better instance of what has "slipped" than the handling of the Glasgow Dock Strike. It is a strike against the Government, because the issue is between the men and the Ministry of Transport, with the Ministry of Labour intervening later. The Government's case is entirely reasonable; its handling of its case, and of the men, deplorable.

The Clyde, like the Mersey, was a haven for wartime convoys. The traffic was enormous, and the Glasgow dockers did a grand job. Before the war, in the days of casual labour, there was no register of dock workers, and, of course, in the boom-times of war, the numbers increased. In 1941 the Ministry of Transport decasualised the dock workers and guaranteed all registered workers 82s 6d a week, whether working or not. The fund for meeting this guarantee, providing holiday money and other things, is furnished by a levy of 15 per cent on wages, paid not by the men but by the contractors employing them. With the post-war reduction of port traffic, about a thousand men for whom there is no work report daily and qualify for the guaranteed wage. This has run the Glasgow scheme into a debt of over £300,000. To make the scheme solvent and retain the present number of workers would mean a levy of over 30 per cent, with a cost to shipping so high as to drive it to other ports and frustrate recovery. The Minister of Transport has power to determine the number of men to be employed under the scheme. Before reducing the labour force, he sent a fact-finding committee to Glasgow. It recommended a cut of 800. Similar cuts were imposed on other ports. The figure was reduced to 500, and the Union was told on March 19th that the men were to be dismissed on a basis of "bad work" and "last in; first out." But the "Statistical Men" materialised as Jock and Wullie and Tam and their mates retorted with "One out; all out."

I was assured by both sides and by Labour leaders who had tried to intervene that, if the matter had been left to local handling on a man-to-man basis, it could have been settled in a few days; but decisions had to be referred to "London" and the "brass-gods" who have become an anathema. "London" rejected compromises which were really tempering the wind and easing the going of those who were to be permanently dismissed as dockers, since they were not likely to find work under any other port scheme. What was needed was a local joint board to thrash the whole thing out, with the men prepared to accept a decision to which they had been informed parties. Instead, the stoppage has drifted on for six weeks, with, as usual, apologetic troops called in to unload perishables, but with 70 ships piling up and losing vitally important voyages. Tempers have worsened and sympathetic action has spread to London. Meanwhile, it will need all the sacked labour to clear the river. As one of the dockers said to me: "It wasn' whit was done, but the way it was done."

Clydeside is prosperous. To anyone who knew the Clyde in the dismal Thirties, when the "Queen Mary" was rusting on the stocks and shipyards were being dismantled, and ship cradles lay like the vulture-cleaned ribs of desert skeletons, the bustle and clangour of the yards from Govan to the Gareloch is exhilarating. They are building at the moment over 200 ships, totalling 800,000 tons, including a Cunarder of 30,000 tons. The output in 1920, the inter-war boom year, was about 700,000 tons. One out of every four ships under construction is for foreign flags. But, apart from new building, more than half the men on the Clyde are employed on reconditionings.

Is this the "galloping consumption" which after a hectic hour, means slump again? Someone called Clydebank the "town of stunted steeples" because, in the days of prosperity, they would start to build churches and, before the architect's steeple could be mounted, the slump would hit them. I looked for the old familiar pawnshops. They have given place to trim and well-filled shops. And the children were playing in the backyards as well dressed as the children of Kensington Gardens ("Wi' coupons so scarce and money in the purse, we buy good," as one mother put it). Clydebank, in its prosperous days, has reason to remember the false dawns of the past, yet all the shipyard workers I spoke to really believed that this time prosperity had come to stay. That was a measure of their faith in the Government and of "full employment." With only one reservation—"There'll be plenty of ships if there's plenty of steel," said one deaf old riveter.

Clydebank (as distinct from Clydeside generally) has no real unemployment. There are 600 on the books of the Labour Exchange which used to deal in tens of thousands, and even these are convincingly explained away as "nominals"—cripples who released older men (like night-watchmen) for jobs that younger men have now reclaimed, women still nominally available but really out of industry and so on. And against that Singers Sewing-Machines are employing 1,500 more workers than at the peak between the wars and are working overtime, through shortage of labour, on production of which 80 per cent is for export.

The explanation of the paradox of unemployment in the midst of full employment (which is recruiting support for Scottish Nationalism even more than for Communism) is the fact that prosperity is still mainly based on the heavy industries, which have always made Scotland an armoury in time of war and a Special Area in time of peace. New light industries are coming along in a heartening programme of trading estates, but they are being held up by shortage of materials. Moreover, even Labour and Trade Union leaders will tell you that there are a lot of "gey thrang" Scottish workers; in other words, they are difficult to move and slow to adapt themselves from a lifetime's job to something new. Much of the unemployment, however, is due to shortage of materials in the building trades, which is holding up both the work of the builders and the works that would give the work. And a lot of Scots workers have drifted back from England because the housing position in the Midlands has made it impossible to move their families and they could not go on maintaining two homes. At the same time, Davie Kirkwood waxes angry at the 15,000 Scots lassies who migrated to England during the war and have not come back.

A good deal of the unemployment is certainly frictional, a temporary maladjustment; but the Scots are convinced that it is mainly due to "London" and the age-old neglect of Scotland. The demand for substantial devolution of Government is universal, backed alike by Labour people, Scottish Nationalists and Communists (often in kilts). But, at the same time, Clydeside "girns" about Edinburgh and its bureaucracy.

It all adds up to much the same thing: London's a long way both in distance and in spirit, and Ministers are aloof. It is no use explaining that they are more-than-busy men caught by a maelstrom of crises and a welter of departmental duties. "Why don't they consult us," ask the Labour stalwarts, "instead of the Tories now masquerading as advisers? They don't even give us a 'Good morning' when they come North." How much justice there is in that it is difficult to gauge, except that they have enlisted for key Committees a lot of names that ring curiously in the workers' ears. Meanwhile the Scottish Nationalists are "cashing in" on local resentments and the Communist Party is very active. As one of Scotland's Labour chieftains put it, "They are a stage army of 6,000 who manage by their energies to act like 20,000. They speak the language of the people and their literature puts ours in the shade."

For the good of their souls, Ministers should go back, not on state visits, but on a humble pilgrimage to the stronghold of their faith. They might rediscover the flesh-and-blood of the movement that bears little resemblance to statistical symbols. They would find the warm-hearted humanity I rediscovered in familiar haunts in Clydebank. Lots of these haunts have gone. The street of tenements where I once lived has gone. (I saw it crash in the blitz but I still found it difficult to realise that that grass-grown wasteland had once housed hundreds of families.) But, on the other hand, the golf-course where I once played is smothered in trim new prefabs. The "Holy City," so called from the flat-roofed tenements which speculation stacked like an Eastern city on the slopes of Kilbowie, has vanished like a bad memory and is now being prepared as a site for municipal housing.

Over 4,000 homes were destroyed in the blitz, and out of Scotland's immediate programme of 24,000 houses, Clydebank has been allowed 1,800. In the past month alone 136 families have been rehoused. With all the blitz losses to make good, with a legacy of the past and the clamour of the present in the shape of the workers in the teeming shipyards, Clydebank has done something which was moving and courageous. The Council has "kept faith" with the old people.

I went with David Kirkwood and the Housing Committee to the opening of the first group of two-roomed cottages for old-age pensioners—not almshouses, not charity, but homes within reach of their pensions and where they will live in homely comfort. They were built by direct labour and the workmen were brought along to the celebration to see what happiness their handiwork had given the old folks. ("Even during the worst of the winter," said the Provost, "there was never more than a 5 per cent loss of working-time.") And they were highly creditable—a trim kitchen, a bathroom and a sitting-room with a bedroom annexe. And the old folks were treated to a high tea with beef-steak pie, sugar cakes and twopenny cigarettes and to a speech by Kirkwood.

This, he said, was what the Labour movement had been working for—to give to the workers when their day was done a decent home and a secure old age, with the independence they had

always cherished. It was one of Keir Hardie's dreams come true. He was unashamedly emotional and so were all the rest. He rolled out Burns on the neglect of old age, and Sir Patrick Dollan told of his mother in her miner's cottage who, when she died, left four five-pound notes in an envelope for her funeral so that she could be as independent in death as she had been in life.

"Notice," said Provost Davidson as we went round the housing estate, "we have put the old people's homes in the heart of the houses of 5,000 young people. It's not a colony; it's part of a bigger family. These old folks worked for us; now we are working for them." Sentiment? It is a simple act of Socialist faith that has a touch of the sublime. It is the natural pulse-throb of the Labour Movement and the Government will take its finger off that pulse at its peril.

RITCHIE CALDER

MALAYAN MEDLEY

AFTER the first few days nobody likes being liberated, but on the whole Singapore is feeling it less than most places. Only a few people are saying that they were better off under the Japanese, and they do not mean it. Inflation has been kept within bounds, and prices, though very high, are not astronomical. Rice, the staple food, is extremely short: the ration does not pretend to be sufficient. People are supposed to make do with substitutes; and this they partly do, and partly they buy in the extensive black market. But the situation is one where everybody complains and very few people look really hungry. Government-run People's Restaurants have done much to help the feeding situation, especially for manual workers: the meal is rather light, but fairly cheap and of good quality. The lower salaried grades, minor officials and clerks in the Government service, are suffering real hardship, but many manual workers are by no means badly off: dockers, builders, any skilled artisans can command very high wages, often more than enough to offset the increased cost of living. Many insist on their employers providing rice, which they, of course, have to buy in the black market—an effective way of skimming off some surplus profits. Government service used to be the goal of every educated Asiatic, but it would pay a young Chinese much better to become a carpenter than a schoolmaster at the moment.

Singapore is a predominantly Chinese town. A big social factor, therefore, is that Britain and China were allies. In spite of the disillusionments of peace the Englishman who returns from internment or from a Japanese prison camp is made to feel by the local Chinese that he and they were on the same side. The disillusionments were, nevertheless, considerable. British Military Administration, which came in with the liberating army, is generally said to have been extremely corrupt, and pre-war government had never been that. To the ordinary man there is always a remarkable similarity between being occupied and being freed: someone takes all the big houses and all the big cars, and it looks much the same whoever does it. But the British did not cut people's heads off, and this was universally felt to be a strong point in their favour. The smuggler and the black marketeer who risked his life under the Japanese feels that he can exercise his profession much more comfortably when he is liable only to a five-thousand-dollar fine.

In Malaya, as a whole, the main political issue is, of course, the new proposal for a Federation of Malaya. The original Malayan Union scheme, rushed through immediately after the end of the war, virtually annulled the powers of the Sultans and greatly reduced the political importance of the Malays in relation to the immigrant peoples. This aroused widespread and spontaneous opposition among the Malays; and the opposition was intensified by the activities of retired civil servants at home, whose interest was in the Malays to the virtual exclusion of other races. Most of them are still living mentally in the early years of the century. I, too, have lived in Arcadia; but it is no use. The real problem is to recognise the *de facto* position of the Chinese, many of whom are recent immigrants, but many of whom, on the other hand, have been settled in the country for generations; to avoid offending the susceptibilities of the Malays; and to respect their very proper desire not to be swamped by an alien culture in their own country. Local opinion is, on the whole, extremely temperate, far more so than one would suppose from the English papers. It is pretty generally felt (though not always said) that the muddle was due to bungling and bad judgment on the part of the Colonial Office rather than to any sinister intention. So soon after all the fuss no suggestion would look wholly satisfactory; but, on the whole, the new scheme appears to satisfy the important requirements. The proposals for admitting non-Malays to citizenship are generally fair, and sufficient recognition is given to the separate entities of the Malay States and the position of the Sultans.

But the position is genuinely complicated. The Chinese, if left to themselves, undoubtedly would swamp the Malay culture, such as it is. They have so much more economic ability, so much more capacity for hard work, are so much more capable of absorbing Western education, that it simply is not an equal contest. British policy is therefore confronted with the alternatives of keeping the Malays as pets, which is nice for everybody but in the long run not at all good for the Malays, or of seriously attempting to put them in a position to stand on their own feet in their own country, which sometimes feels like trying to make water flow uphill. But over the Union proposals the Malays have played their hand extremely well. They have been neither intransigent nor undignified; nor for that matter have the Chinese, who have up to now been excluded from the negotiations. In fact nobody has looked silly except the Colonial Office, and they have had the sense to admit it; and the whole schemozzle has been conducted with more moderation and good sense than one is accustomed to expect anywhere in these days. Of course the existence of eight petty and separate States, besides two British settlements, in a country the size of England without Wales is absurd. But the flat rejection of the earlier Union proposals seems to show that it is simply a political fact. It does not fit in with modern ideas of administrative tidiness, but, unless the Government are willing to trample flatly on local sentiment, it has to be reckoned with. Nor does the position of the Sultans fit in with democratic ideas of colonial development. But the vast majority of Malays have, through U.M.N.O., the United Malay National Organisation, shown quite clearly how much importance they attach to what they call their birthright, meaning the traditional status of their rulers. Even here, however, there is a complicating factor. Most Malays are supporters of U.M.N.O. and the Sultans: but there is a minority party, the Malay Nationalist Party, partly under Communist influence and in very close relation with Indonesia, which, without so far committing itself to any definite policy, is anti-aristocratic, against the British connection, and regards itself as the germ of a nationalist movement on the Indonesian model. There is no evidence that they have thought out their position at all clearly, and Malay political consciousness is so recent a growth that it is too early to say what will come of it.

In Singapore itself these matters are of rather academic interest, as at present it is not proposed to include Singapore in the Federation. No one knows why. The separation is artificial, expensive and ridiculously inconvenient. Perhaps it is considered necessary to keep it as a British colony for strategic reasons; but this does not seem very convincing. There are few places less suited for defence, as we have the bitterest reasons to remember. And who is it to be defended against? But these are high and holy matters; they are among the numerous things about which, in the post-war world, neither the British nor the Malayan public will ever be informed, and the ordinary citizen may as well spare a slightly resentful curiosity for matters on which it is more likely to be satisfied. Perhaps the short answer is that the General Staff got its foot well in the door at the time of the liberation, and is now not likely to remove it. Its gay insouciance with the British taxpayers' money has not provided a good example for a colony which should be struggling for stability after nearly four years of occupation.

The most interesting political development in Singapore itself, though it is at present a small one, is the appearance of the Malayan Democratic Union. This is a body of English-educated men and women, mostly young, who are setting out to arouse a general social and political consciousness among the locally born population. It is not a racial organisation, but its members are in fact Chinese, Indian and Eurasian rather than Malay. Their purpose is, however, to work together with the Malays to establish a genuine Malayan citizenship in which all races will stand on an equal footing. But they are inclined to assume that this is more possible at the moment than it actually is. Not unnaturally they are demanding more electoral representation than the new constitution provides; and in doing so they ignore the real difficulty, the presence of only partly assimilated Indians and Chinese who are more interested in their own national politics than in those of Malaya.

But when all is said Malaya is still politically a British bureaucracy, and its fate for some years to come will depend on how well the administrators handle the situation. The reputation for graft that attached to British Military Administration is being slowly washed out with the return of regular civil government, but the more sophisticated of the Asiatic population will never again feel quite the same about British administration. They will be convinced only if British administration can deliver the goods. That being so, the most disturbing tendency of the post-war regime is the increased reliance on flapdoodle: public relations offices with their dreary little exhibitions of silly photographs and their school-magazine insertions in the press; two Governors with a superimposed Governor-General, and the attendant battalions of secretaries; the presence in Singapore of Lord Killearn's lavish Foreign Office outfit, whose function and achievements have never been clear to anyone in Malaya. People who have been through three years of Japanese occupation and still have not enough rice are not impressed. But if this is only post-war oedema and not the beginning of a fatty degeneration, the country stands a pretty good chance of orderly political development. It is still potentially rich; it has no bitter internal conflicts, and it has behind it a longish tradition of settled contentment.

Singapore GRAHAM HOUGH

DOMESTIC WORKER

ON Friday, April 18th, 1947, Mrs. Attlee opened the London Headquarters of the National Institute of Houseworkers. This was the outward and visible sign of a scheme which has been alternately in cold storage or maturing for a quarter of a century; it will be another year before the practical results of the Institute can be tested.

The primary object of the Institute is to raise the prestige of domestic work by giving it the status of a skilled craft, and consequently to attract more workers. It will establish a diploma for skilled domestic workers, intended to rank with the diplomas of other professions. This will be awarded to students who qualify at the end of training courses *and to other domestic workers able to satisfy the examining board.* The Institute lays down conditions and minimum rates of payment, scaled from £2 13*s.* 6*d.* to £3 11*s.* 6*d.*, non-resident, for a 44-hour week, according to age and experience; resident rates correspond, with a deduction of £1 2*s.* 6*d.* to £1 10*s.* for board and lodging. Already premises have been acquired at Oxford and Chilton Cantelo for the first training centres; training will be free, plus the usual

allowances for Government training schemes. The project, sponsored by Mr. Bevin when he was Minister of Labour has received his blessing from Moscow. What are the chances that it will succeed in raising the status of the domestic worker?

Two favourable answers are provided (1) by history and (2) by experience of Home Helps in the past two years. We may dismiss as flippant the Oxford Don who asked "How does one raise the status of anything?" The process, whatever the accurate verb, seems to be as follows.

Historically, the health service of the country had reasonably disreputable beginnings. Doctors, for example, evolved from a nice mixture of quacks, imposters, sellers of patent medicines, alchemists and the rag-tag and bobtail of witchcraft—and, of course, devoted and earnest practitioners and scientists. Dentists were at one time more noted for muscle than knowledge, extracting teeth as a kind of peep-show at local fairs. Nursing, with the honourable exception of the Church, was often practised by ignorant and superstitious harpies; the Army nurses, before the reforms of Florence Nightingale, are reputed to have commonly tended to other quite obvious physical needs of their charges. Yet to-day few members of the community enjoy a greater prestige than doctors, dentists and nurses; the status of the first two leaves little to be desired, that of the third could be remedied by the one addition of greater remuneration.

The improvement in status is the result of, first, the insistence on minimum and, later, severe standards of training; followed by the formation of a professional association demanding agreed standards of remuneration and exercising the right of exclusion on the grounds of unprofessional conduct. The inevitable corollary of these steps is the development of a sense of responsibility to the community which has produced quite exceptional standards of service to the public.

The National Institute of Houseworkers clearly aims at fulfilling the conditions of professional status in regard to training and remuneration. It has not yet committed itself to the formation of a professional and exclusive association, but it has expressed the hope that its trainees will change appointments through its services rather than privately. It is understood, moreover, that the Institute is giving favourable consideration to the probable formation of such an association. This point is not yet of urgency, as the supply of qualified workers will not be great for some time, but its ultimate adoption seems inevitable if the aims of the Institute are to be fulfilled.

The second augury for the success of the Institute is to be found in the marked advance in the status of Home Helps in the past two years. (The Institute will provide trained workers for ordinary private households; Home Helps are engaged by local authorities to do domestic work in the case of illness or similar emergency.) Here we are no longer in the realm of theory and probability but can trace successful schemes in operation in Oxford, Bedford, Cambridge, Shrewsbury, Worcester, Malvern, Leyton and at least 30 other towns, where local authority schemes for Home Helps have been assisted and correlated by the W.V.S. As a result of powers conferred by the Minister of Health, local authorities have been able to recruit women in reasonable numbers as Home Helps.

The beginning of their status has been determined by the insistence that they are public servants engaged in a health service; they are paid a guaranteed wage of approximately £3 13s. 6d. for a 42-hour week, employed by the local authority, and are sent by an administrative officer to households where need exists, usually for several hours to each household, but in maternity cases and cases of serious illness for the whole day. For the time being, the W.V.S. provides a substitute for a professional association, safeguarding the rights of Home Helps, fostering their professional standards and forming the national link between one locality and another; the W.V.S. will obviously facilitate the formation of a professional association of Home Helps as soon as the time is ripe. An Oxford experiment of wearing a smart outdoor and indoor Home Help uniform has been most successful and is being copied elsewhere. What is most important is that both Home Helps and the public whom they serve have unhesitatingly recognised the status of the service. There is nothing problematical about this; the Home Helps are respected and have a strong sense of their place in the community. It must be admitted that they enjoy one advantage over the N.H.I. Houseworkers in that they are demonstrably an extension of the National Health Services and are public servants. Apart from that, there is so much in common between the constitution of Houseworkers and Home Helps, plus the fact that Home Helps have produced a new status for domestic workers that the newer service may have a confidence based on more than faith. Moreover, the contribution of N.H.I. Houseworkers to "constructive medicine" has already been recognised and may figure increasingly in future propaganda.

Happily there is no rivalry between the two services. On the contrary, the N.H.I. is opening one of its first training centres in Oxford which provided the first model of the Home Help schemes described. Among the first candidates for the N.H.I. Diploma will be women of the City of Oxford W.V.S. Home Help Service, training side by side with prospective Houseworkers and Supply Workers. There is no doubt that the elaboration of the two services in harmony will completely alter the status of domestic work.

THERESA MACDONALD

The Arts and Entertainment

ROSENKAVALIER

A MASTERPIECE; not a flawless work of art, I dare say, but rich, inventive, life-accepting, clever, cultivated, gay; and a natural target, therefore, for the pedantic, sour-faced and incurably Puritan sort of criticism which flourishes in this tepid island and this pleasure-hating age.

The Covent Garden production is much the best thing the new regime has yet given us. I don't intend that as faint praise—though, looking back on the really rather miserable *Carmen*, *Manon* and *Magic Flute*, I fear that it will sound so. The new *Rosenkavalier*, however, is a thoroughly studied, professional, on the whole, well-cast affair, roughly comparable to a performance of the same work at Paris; and that, I suggest, is the proper sort of comparison to make, and not one which involves Lotte Lehmann, Elisabeth Schumann and Richard Mayr. Inevitably, these evocative names echoed around the corridors of Covent Garden last week; inevitably, but pointlessly. Of course, the English performance doesn't compete on that level (how could it?) nor does a Paris performance; nor do current German or Austrian performances; and even at pre-war Covent Garden, how bitterly disappointed one always used to be when the illustrious trio was incomplete (none of the many Oktavians, it must be admitted, was quite so irreplaceable). The fact is that those Lehmann-Schumann-Mayr *Rosenkavaliers*, conducted by Bruno Walter, represented the high-water mark of a not otherwise very distinguished period of operatic history.

Setting aside, then, such impossible comparisons, let's take a closer look at this 1947 *Rosenkavalier*. The three female principals are all good, and one of them is outstanding. Since I have sometimes spoken tartly about Victoria Sladen in the past, it gives me particular pleasure to praise her delightfully accomplished Oktavian. She catches all the essentials: the petulance, the bravado, the boyish charm, the aristocratic disdain at the Baron's behaviour and, of course, the comic sozzled tearfulness of Mariandl in the last act; best of all, she has steadied her voice, and now sings with a nicely controlled line. A credible boy? Well, no, that would be asking rather too much; but disbelief is at any rate effectively suspended. Doris Doree's Marschallin has dignity of movement and an excellent musical style, and she really rose to the emotional level of her big scenes in the first act; in the last act she was hampered by a lack of stature which could easily have been overcome by a taller (and whiter) wig. Her voice is not very golden in quality, but it is clean and solid, and she knows how to float her words audibly on the melodic line without pulling it out of shape, so that it was particularly on her lips that one appreciated the taste and skill of Alan Pryce-Jones's new translation. Virginia MacWatters made a rather sophisticated Sophie, but vocally the part fits her better than Manon, since it lies higher and does not call for emotional singing in the middle of the voice, which is her weak suit. All her duets with Oktavian went well, but she mustn't frown while she sings.

David Franklin, I am sorry to say, is miscast as Ochs. He has obviously taken enormous pains and knows the complex part inside out, but physique, temperament and vocal timbre combine to defeat him: one simply can't believe in a lanky, bony Ochs who looks as though he spent the whole day in the saddle somewhere in the depths of Yorkshire, and would rather have a stiff whisky and soda than any gal in the world. Some of the minor roles want attention: I see no point in making Sophie's duenna a perfect fright, and as for her papa—I am shocked that singing of that order can survive the first week of rehearsal at a respectable opera-house: who has the power of veto at Covent Garden, and why wasn't it used? Karl Rankl held the whole musical structure together with skill, but his orchestra doesn't yet know the score as well as their predecessors of twenty years ago, and there were some odd lapses of balance; for example, every oboe phrase rang almost too vividly through the house, while the brilliant flute cadenza before the tenor's aria went for almost nothing. Generally speaking, what is most wanted, both on the stage and in the orchestra pit, is a riper, richer, warmer, more voluptuous *bloom* on the tone.

Joan Cross, though she can't coax bad actors into good, brought intelligence and experience to her production. As a distinguished Old Marschallin herself, she ought to have known that the absurd pirouetting of the black boy as he brings in the chocolate in the first act would have earned instant dismissal from any self-respecting major-domo in Vienna; otherwise, high marks. A *Rosenkavalier* designer can either reproduce accurately the enchanting Austrian rococo style or fantasticate on his own account. Robin Ironside chose a middle course and produced some pretty things, but not all his fantastications were equally harmonious. And why abandon the pair of stoves from which Valzacchi and Annina traditionally emerge in the second act? Why make Annina, that disreputable wop, a dazzling daffodil-blonde dressed far above her station? Why introduce into the inn scene a rickety, flapping, distracting pair of swing doors with a big hole at the top, looking on to a passage? Had I been Baron Ochs, I should have demanded a *cabinet* a good deal more *particulier* than that. Nevertheless, go and see this *Rosenkavalier*; it's highly enjoyable.

After a good many half-empty concerts this winter, it has been a pleasure to see packed houses for both the current Beethoven cycles. The Busch Quartet, with a new second violin and a new viola, has given some rough performances, especially in the Op. 18 set, and the leader's personal mannerisms are as marked as ever; but the spirit of Beethoven is always there, and the vigour and sheer weight of tone in the Second Rasoumovsky and the Op. 74 were memorable. Nor shall I quickly forget De Sabata's reading of the Seventh Symphony, and especially the meticulously controlled fury of its finale. He gets more brilliant results out of the L.P.O. than any other of their current conductors, but not even he can cure our English flautists of their fluffy, puffy tone; I wish they would listen attentively to the flutes of a good French or American orchestra.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

CONTEMPORARY LITHOGRAPHS
for schools and nurseries—particularly those by Piper, Bawden and Williamson. From 35s. On view,
Turnstile Press, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1

THE MOVIES

"Black Narcissus," at the Odeon
"The Stone Flower," at the Tatler
"The Beginning or the End?" at the Empire

What is wrong with Messrs. Powell and Pressburger? We know by now pretty well what's right: adventurousness in the search for place, visual sensibility, a devotion to camera-craft that results in passages of swift surprise and sometimes of beauty. One remembers the cool exploration of cathedral pillars in *A Canterbury Tale*, the seas and isles of *I Know Where I'm Going*, the airy descents of *A Matter of Life and Death*, and from *Black Narcissus* there will persist agreeable memories of nuns' faces and Vermeer tones in Technicolor. Then, what's wrong? Surely that this gifted pair of directors thinks always on two disconnected levels; those of popular appeal and technical refinement. The one, I believe, is as deliberate as the other. In *Black Narcissus*, as in the rest of them, we miss that cohesion of subject and execution that would lift an honourable attempt to an achievement. It is a charming idea, for example, for an English nunnery to be transplanted, at the whim of some Indian prince, to a high village in the Himalayas: his own palace, once the centre of connubial delights, unrolls pleasingly and humourously to the eye. There are the mountain ranges, amorous tapestries on the walls; the air, they say, is demoralising; an old mistress of ceremonies hops about like a parrot; huge horns and fat little ponies announce the local hunt. Eager, faintly smiling, the five nuns go to take up their duties, which include those of a hospital and a school. Now all this, with a weather-eye for improbability, one can accept willingly enough, on the terms that the fiction remains light-mannered. Sentiment? Yes. Quiet wit? Yes. Fun? Yes. Melodrama? *No!!* Imagine, then, one's horror at finding (as soon as we arrive) the convent bell situated at the very edge of an abysmal cliff. Someone ringing it, of course, will fall over. Who? Why, Sister Ruth who, we are told, is "maladjusted to community life." And so, dreadfully, it turns out. The poor girl succumbs to the flesh (a sunburnt hairy Englishman in shorts), puts on lipstick, goes mad, and in trying to push her Superior off the edge goes over herself. They hang, first one, then the other, grappling over space, as have so many (on the screen) before them. But what has come to the original charming idea? Fled, it must be admitted. Yet despite this violence to itself *Black Narcissus* remains an unusual and lightly touching piece, with Miss Deborah Kerr as the sad nun, Miss Kathleen Byron as her mad bad rival, and Mr. David Farrar as the disturbing gentleman in shorts. If any film could be blatant and sensitive, and still thoroughly come off, this one should. Alas, it can't. The tasteful Technicolor is wasted on those who want cliff edges, and vice versa.

The Stone Flower is a Russian fairy tale in Agfacolour (productive of some pretty stage effects), and though it cannot match the technical subtleties of *Black Narcissus* it has what the English film lacks: a genuine core. The tale, rather cumbrously set going, is of a young craftsman and his bride; he carves in malachite, and is tempted on his wedding-day to go after the enticing troll who inhabits caverns of glittering stone in the mountain-side. There he carves an ideal object, but remaining true to his love is allowed to return home. The story, you will see, has a point, and the beauty of the film—a disturbed Arcadian freshness—proceeds from that point.

The Beginning or the End? refers to nothing less than the future of humanity, and tells the story of the atom bomb, but in terms of the shocker. It is not a very good shocker. It ends with a girl reading a letter from her dead lover; his voice, in the good old tradition, speaks the words, though most of the time she does not even look at the paper in her hand; then his ghost appears behind her. Lincoln statue in the background, angelic choirs, etc. However, among the activities and engines that decided Hiroshima there have been more convincing moments than this.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

HAVING at last more room to play about in, the B.B.C. gave Shakespeare a slap-up birthday party complete with bran pie, speeches, massed bands, and all the rest of it. I must admit that, finding it grow rather stuffy inside the marquee, I made several sorties, during one of which I happened upon the Chief Education Officer at Manchester, Mr. W. O. Lester-Smith, speaking words of manifest but uncommon wisdom. Quantity, he argued, is quite compatible with quality, if only we concentrate rather less upon school organisation and much more upon the training of teachers and upon such imponderables as the neighbourhood of the schools themselves, the films children see, etc. Reverse this process, I would add, and we shall deplete the crowd in the marquee for Shakespeare's birthday, increasing at the same time the Dangerous Thing exemplified by the young woman with a little knowledge in Stephen Potter's *How to Appreciate Shakespeare*. The latter programme made, I thought, rather less than the best of its opportunities. There were some shrewd hits at pedantry and a few passages of pure fun. But this was not intended to be the riotous type of *How*, and perhaps it fell a little between two stools.

Robert Donat's reading of *Venus and Adonis* sailed rather near the wind. I thought he just brought it off, by sheer beauty and flexibility of voice. But was not the length excessive, in the circumstances? Had I been in Patric Dickinson's shoes I should have been tempted to say bo to the purist goose and do some cutting.

The game of guessing what happens to Shakespeare's characters when they are not on his stage, may also not recommend itself to the purist; but in discreetly imaginative hands it can, I feel, add something to our appreciation of the action. Mr. Herbert Read did not convince me of the reality of his pirate, who seemed to contribute nothing not already supplied by Fortinbras; but Mr. Stonier's far more elaborate filling-in of the background of Ophelia's pathetic course was fascinating, and gained plausibility from the clever suggestion that Hamlet's feigned madness, since Ophelia believed it to be genuine, acted like a germ in bringing out the strain of insanity that was latent in her from the first. Both these "Imaginary Conversations" were very competently acted.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

THE THEATRE

"Richard II," at the New Theatre

Sir Ralph Richardson delivered John of Gaunt's speech with great economy of emotion. It was pleasant to gaze at the sensitive face of Mr. Alec Guinness, as Richard, and the willowy charm of Miss Leighton as his Queen. Mr. Hannen, not alas on this occasion in a character part, but as an Earl of, demonstrated basic stage movement with great precision. Mr. Andrews, by his clear-cut delivery of blank verse, gave shape of a kind to Shakespeare's conventionally flattering portrait of Bolingbroke. The obvious conveniences of the fixed set made up for a certain flightiness in its design.

Yet on the whole this performance fell below the high standards set by the previous Shakespearian productions of the post-war Vic. It is a difficult play to act. It opens in a high state of tension with the scene in which Bolingbroke and Norfolk fling down gages at each other and blare out charges of high treason. With the casket incident in *The Merchant of Venice*, or the witch palaver in *Macbeth*, such stock scenes have been trampled down by so many generations of buskined feet that their nap seems lost for ever, and they are received by audiences in a silence less intent than stupefied. This whole incident must borrow its interest from the light it throws on

FABER BOOKS

Ladies in Crime
edited by ELLERY QUEEN
Detective stories about women by well-known authors. 9/6

An Anthology of Love and Marriage
HERBERT YAFFE
Selected prose and poetry. Originally issued as *Homage to Hymen*. 8/6

Bird Haunts in Southern England
G. K. YEATES
A delightful account, in pen and photograph, by the author of *Bird Life in Two Deltas*. *Illustrated*. 15/-

Improving Your Tennis
PAT HUGHES
The first post-war book on tennis, by the self-taught Davis Cup winner. It will genuinely help you to improve your game. *Illustrated*. 6/-

Published Today

KEEP LEFT

R. H. S. Crossman
Michael Foot
Ian Mikardo
and other Labour M.P.s

"What will happen when the American Loan runs out?"
"Can we end the diplomatic deadlock?"

This important pamphlet answers these and other burning questions. The authors argue "We shall need more Socialism and not less to overcome our difficulties."

1/- net

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

TITUS GROAN
Mervyn Peake

"Poetry flows through his volcanic writing."
ELIZABETH BOWEN (*The Tatler*)

"The merit of the book lies in the boldness of its attempt. It has not been written in obedience to any fashionable school . . . Mr. Peake throws in all his forces of dream, vision and language."
CHARLES MORGAN (*Sunday Times*)

"A cobwebby, candle-lit escape from life."
JOHN BETJEMAN (*Daily Herald*)

"Diabolically clever."
FRANK O'CONNOR (*Evening News*)

"An astonishing exercise in imagination."
JOHN GUTHRIE (*Books of Today*)

REPRINT NOW READY 15s. *net.*

Eyre & Spottiswoode

REISSUED

Rod and Line
and
Aksakov on Fishing
ARTHUR RANSOME

Forty of Mr. Ransome's fishing essays and an account of Aksakov, the Russian Izaak Walton, with extracts from his writings.

5s. net.

Mr. Ransome's new story for boys and girls

Great Northern?

will be published later in the season.

JONATHAN CAPE

Richard's character. Is his sudden stopping of the contest an effort to demonstrate his authority, or does it point his fear of the growing power of Bolingbroke? Is it his last act of strength or his first impulse of weakness? Or is it the Hamlet side of his nature, recoiling from action and from bloodshed? It is impossible to tell from Mr. Guinness' performance which of the many possible interpretations he favours, for he never at any time takes a clear line one way or the other. Even the indefinitions of character from which Richard suffers need to be demonstrated with particular clarity, or the play, if it does not founder altogether, diminishes to a pageant display of Shakespeare's most wooden lords, bishops, and redundant feudal personages.

STEPHEN POTTER

SOUTINE

IF you take the thirty or forty leading figures in the Ecole de Paris, you find that only four have been Jews, Modigliani, Soutine, Pascin and Chagall. Four is a highly creditable figure, when one considers how many gentiles there are in the world: at the same time it refutes a curious legend, propagated alike by anti-Semites and chauvinistic Jews, according to which most of the artists of this School, including Picasso, are Jewish. The Gimpel Gallery in Duke St. have now a small show of Soutine, a Lithuanian by birth who died in occupied Paris. He was a most uneven painter, and painfully conscious of the fact. (He spent large sums buying old pictures of his in order to destroy them, and is suspected even of untruthfully denying the authenticity of works from his brush.) He was an uneven painter, because an anguished nature often deranged his extraordinary talent for colour and texture. He indulged to excess in the undulating forms that disfigure many late Van Goghs, and some of his pictures seem to be pitching and rolling like a boat in a gale. His brush, however, was so brilliant that it turned every subject into richness. This show has a picture of a skinned rabbit with tortured eyes: go close to it and horror is replaced by voluptuous delight: the cadaver has become a riot of peonies. In another picture he makes a sirloin blossom as the rose; and look at the splendour of the dead pheasant. The masterpiece in the show is a portrait of a servant lent by Mr. Ernest Duveen. No turbulence here, no hysterical twirls and whirls: a powerful design, a firm grasp of character and handling that is even more beautiful than is usual with Soutine. This deserves to be placed among the finest portraits of a period that has not produced any great portrait-painter except Modigliani.

ROGER MARVELL

Correspondence

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

Sir,—Many teachers will agree with Critic when he says that corporal punishment is bad for teachers and worse for children. But to believe that the solution is merely to ban the use of the cane is an oversimplification. In the majority of cases corporal punishment is inflicted because it provides the not too imaginative teacher with an easy way out of a difficult situation.

The real trouble is that our system of public education is still run on the cheap, which means that our classes are too large, our buildings unsatisfactory and our teachers badly trained. Reduce the maximum size of class to thirty (there are still 40,000 with more than forty on the roll), give every school a playing-field and adequate practical rooms, and give teachers a training that will pay more attention to the leisurely acquisition of culture than to the hurried cramming of examination subjects, and the problem of corporal punishment will largely solve itself.

Organised opposition to cruelty to children in this country has always tended to be complacent about anything other than physical violence. But much permanent harm may be done by steadily undermining a child's self-confidence with nothing more violent than words, while the threats of hell-fire, the punishments that fit the crime, and other refinements of mental torture may be just as harmful and degrading as the use of the cane.

Faced with a crowd of children in unsuitable surroundings, the average teacher will maintain order by some means or other, if only in self-defence. The solution is to provide conditions that will encourage a natural discipline to arise spontaneously from the children themselves, as is already the case in some of the best of our schools.

EDWARD BRITTON

SIR,—Four months ago I commenced teaching. From older teachers I received the advice, "For a fortnight punish on the slightest provocation, not cruelly, but firmly, till they see you mean business, then you'll see that you can do anything with them."

But my class for nearly a week were so docile, so polite, so responsive to a mild reproof, that I found I could not bring myself to use the strap—our Scottish version of the cane—for each least indiscipline. It was a blend of inexperience, humanity and fear of creating resentment. But the harm was done. Convinced I was a soft mark, the class became themselves again. They talked while I worked at the board; they chatted with their friends when I set them work, they left homework undone, were offhand about bringing schoolbooks, read comics openly on the desk, or if girls, played with film stars' photos.

Now this was bad enough, but it is the inevitable deduction from it that really matters. It became impossible to get such a class to work. There was always something more to their taste going on elsewhere in the room. Not only that, but what work was done, was becoming slovenly.

Few teachers demand discipline, except to achieve a state of affairs wherein learning may go forward. It is useless expecting a child to collect and collate information by himself; he has an infallible touch for misinterpretation. He must have his studies ordered for him and he cannot pursue such studies along with another 40 or 50 unless there is plan, shape, and control in their communal actions.

Appeals to reason, decency and self-respect are weakened by the shortness of his memory and the natural ebullience of a growing body. One of the pleasantest girls in my class is the rowdiest.

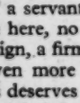
At the moment I am engaged in a slow painful, worrying struggle to repair, as humanely as possible, the evil effects of a couple of weeks of hopeful good-nature. As Critic justly says, it may be inefficiency. Let me hope it is only inexperience.

TEACHER

[The question of abolishing corporal punishment in schools was raised by Mr. Peter Freeman in the House of Commons on April 24th. Mr. Hardman (Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Education), in a sympathetic reply, stated that he himself deplored the continued use of corporal punishment and that the Foundation for Educational Research had agreed to undertake "an inquiry into the effects of various forms of punishment and reward."—ED. *N. S. & N.*]

WRITERS AND THE STATE

Sir,—In a recent issue Mr. Pritchett raised the important question of how creative writing is to continue under present conditions without some form of national recognition or State subsidy, for it is generally admitted that older forms of patronage are dying out (or are being applied almost exclusively to the promotion of science and technique) and that the difficulties with which a serious writer is faced are multiplying daily. Since it is not uncommon for a writer's work to become a "national treasure," to be used as a means of education or as an article for "propaganda export" and critical appreciation only after his death, there is obviously a good argument for some clearer definition of the writer's position in society and for special consideration of the conditions under which he normally has to work.



Vincent Van Gogh

An entirely new volume containing ten plates in full colour and twenty monochrome reproductions; notes on each illustration and a critical biography by John E. Cross.

Specially designed, printed and produced entirely in England, "Vincent Van Gogh" is the first of the Saturn series of books on the Arts.

Crown 4to *Cloth bound*

12/6 net

SATURN PRESS
128 Baker Street, London, W.1

NEW ROAD
4
Directions in European Art and Letters
edited by
FRED MARNAU
10s. 6d.
★
THE GREY WALLS PRESS

20 YEARS OF BRITISH FILM
MICHAEL BALCON
ERNEST LINDGREN
FORSYTH HARDY
ROGER MANVELL
More than 100 stills
10s. 6d.
THE FALCON PRESS

Out of Print?

A varied selection of English Classics, Topography, History, Gardening Books and Books on Art

★

The prices are moderate

★

THE TIMES BOOK CLUB
Secondhand Book Department
42, Wigmore Street, London, W.1

Some of your correspondents have suggested income tax relief and other forms of help. The whole question is a complex one and needs a many-sided approach. The suggestion I should like to make is not intended to be exclusive but to offer a basis for a fund which might help to encourage creative literature and at the same time safeguard the writer's independence as far as possible. In brief, the idea is that writers "dead and gone" should help to subsidise their literary descendants.

In practice this idea might be realised in some such way as this: a body should be formed of (1) a committee of a writers' mutual protection society, (2) a publishers' committee, (3) representatives of the State, Ministry of Education or British Council. This body should agree to start a fund realised from a percentage on the sale of works by writers whose copyright has lapsed. The plan should be a realistic one and the publishers, who have difficulties of their own, should not be alarmed. The percentage need not be a high one—from one to five per cent according to category of work. In certain cases part of the funds thus raised might even be allocated to publishers. But it does seem that a considerable fund of this sort could be amassed from the published works of writers dead and gone, including Shakespeare. The fund might be further added to by the proceeds of special concerts, readings and dramatic performances.

Once the fund is established, it should not be used in a uniform way, but broken up as much as possible into subsidies, scholarships, prizes, grants, etc., of different kinds, so as to encourage that *variety* of output without which literature is meaningless. As the least remunerative profession but one to which a great deal of posthumous glory is attached, that of the poet should receive special consideration. To bring such a fund into existence would require a good deal of solidarity and good will, but is that an impossible thing to ask at this critical juncture?

GEORGE REAVEY

Sir,—Stephen Spender, in his interesting letter, refers to "the Authors' Society or some other union of writers." The fact is that there is no writers' union, for the Society of Authors is not in a position to function in any such capacity and has never attempted to do so. Authors are still without any statutory body which can advance their claim to fair treatment in regard to such matters as income tax, copyright in titles, libel, allocation of paper and the priority now being given to publications of American origin. Most authors do as much free-lance journalism "on the margin" as they can manage, in these hard times, to sell. Some of them, in the absence of a Union of their own, may have felt tempted to apply for membership of the N.U.J. The N.U.J., however, only admits those who, at the time of application, are in receipt of a regular minimum salary of £4 a week derived from contributions to periodicals. Thus the vicar's wife who delivers her weekly page on "Practical Beekeeping" or "Goats for Profit" is eligible for membership, while writers who have lived exclusively by the pen for thirty years or more may be kept outside. Although it would be desirable for an Author's Union, if one were started, to apply for some form of affiliation with the N.U.J., the particular aims and activities of such a Union would be quite different from those of the larger body.

Authors and playwrights need to make some sort of concerted stand, for example, on the question of income tax (a subject on which there is no need to enlarge here), and they should be officially represented in all discussions concerning the allocation and use of our restricted paper supplies. Again, without in any way depreciating the excellent work done by the P.E.N. Club in the past twenty-five years, it may be suggested that the time has now come for British authors to be represented at International Conferences by elected delegates from their own Union. On matters involving domestic legislation, such as the establishment of copyright in titles and the revision of the Law of Libel, experience has shown that only a powerful Union is likely to achieve results. There is, perhaps, no need to enlarge on other ways in which the existence of a Union might prove a valuable safeguard in the future. The recrudescence of Red-baiting and the renewed activities of M.I.5 are signs which it would be unwise for any of us to disregard. Authors as a class are individualists, dislike restraint and pride themselves on their independence. That seems to me all the more reason why they should now adopt a policy of Collective Security.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING

Sir,—I have read your articles and correspondence on the subject of art and the State with great interest. May I add one point? The difficulties which beset young composers in securing performances of their work are often literally insurmountable, regardless of the quality of the music.

I shall quote an experience of my own because it must have disastrously numerous parallels. A symphony has been passed by the B.B.C. Selection Panel, which consists of distinguished musicians. The B.B.C. has asked me to get the orchestral parts copied for a projected rehearsal in the autumn. This will cost £20. Unless I can raise this money the work will probably never be played, in spite of the recommendation of as competent a body of judges as could possibly be convened.

In parenthesis, may I add that the Committee for the Promotion of New Music, through no fault of its own, is finding it impossible to give performances of works by various composers selected by similar bodies of experts well over a year ago.

It will thus be seen that lack of performance and the very small remuneration which results from a performance even when it is achieved, must account for the extinction of many a musical spark.

The State could counteract this evil by helping composers who, in the opinion of such bodies, merit assistance.

JOHN VEALE

ILLUSION AND REALITY

SIR,—I assume that Mr. Spender has read *Illusion and Reality*, as he has referred to it a number of times in the course of his writings; but his review of April 12th gives no grounds for supposing that he has understood it.

For having understood it, how could our Spender-Horatio (whose quotation from Chapter IV omits some nineteen lines of the original paragraph) claim that Caudwell is not interested in poetry? This remarkable statement appears to be justified by the assertions that Caudwell pushes "painters, poets and prose writers all into the same bag," and that he "looks not to poetry but beyond it to its social efficacity." What Caudwell actually does (as he makes clear in his introduction) is to draw not only on all the arts but on physics, anthropology, history, biology, philosophy and psychology in order to bring a sound sociology to bear on his subject without, as he says, "falling into eclecticism or confusing art with psychology or politics." Caudwell's position is clear from the beginning, and to suppose that an integrated world-view which forces the reader's attention on spheres outside his own back garden, that sees art in relation to the living need, to suppose that this implies a basic lack of interest in poetry is only to reveal the state in which contemporary criticism finds itself.

"The poet's freedom," says Lindsay, "is his right, his need, to be true to the fullness of life, not to one side of it, but to the complete meaning and movement." Caudwell's life was a fight to realise that freedom, and this explains why many, looking at Caudwell's verse, searched in vain for Marxist polemics, and why Spender, in reading *Illusion and Reality*, experienced the sense of frustration of which he speaks. For, confronted with a view of freedom from which he has always been utterly alien, Spender attempts to square Caudwell's argument with his own misconception of Communist belief, that is, with the

INDUSTRY · GOVERNMENT · SCIENCE · ARTS

In 1946 the four FUTURE BOOKS

- *Overture*
- *The Stage is Set*
- *The Crowded Scene*
- *Transformation*

lavishly illustrated in colour & monochrome, created a new criterion in British publishing.

FOR 1947

Future

now announce the programme of six issues in which the same high standard will be maintained.

FIRST ISSUE: *Publication delayed until June owing to fuel crisis.*

SUBSCRIPTION: 34s. (Post Paid) FOR SIX ISSUES

Ask your bookseller for details, or write to
FUTURA PUBLICATIONS LTD
51a Rathbone Place, London, W.1
Museum 7788

INDUSTRY · GOVERNMENT · SCIENCE · ARTS

REVELATION OF CHILDBIRTH
The Principles and Practice of Natural Childbirth
by
GRANTLY DICK READ
M.A., M.D.
Sixth Printing. Ready Shortly. *Illustrated.* 10s. 6d.

ARTIFICIAL HUMAN INSEMINATION
The Report of a Conference held under the auspices of
THE PUBLIC MORALITY COUNCIL
3s. 6d.

THE CULTURE OF THE ABDOMEN
The Cure of Obesity and Constipation
by
F. A. HORNIBROOK
Seventeenth edition. 6s.
Fully Illustrated.

HEINEMANN MEDICAL BOOKS Ltd,
99 Great Russell Street, W.C.1

HARRAP

Paris Symphony

A poem of beauty and delicacy, set in classical symphonic form, and inspired by the contiguity of two statues in the Louvre—the Aphrodite of Melos and the Victory of Samothrace. JOHN COWPER POWYS *terms this "a great poem . . . one of the rare English poems of our time that will most surely be read by our descendants."*

Ready May 15. 6s. net

by
J. REDWOOD ANDERSON

RE-STYLED
Modern Reading
VOL. 14 *Now available*
VOL. 15 *May* 21

"What well-planned miscellaneity is here for the judicious picker and chooser!"
DANIEL GEORGE (*The Observer*).

"In Reginald Moore's 'Modern Reading' . . . one detects a sense of balance and perspective which promises well for the future."
ROBIN KING (*The Spectator*).

"The first edition of 'Modern Reading' in cloth binding needs it to protect the good things stuffed inside . . ." —*Books of To-day.*

162 pages and 7 plates 6s. *net*
Of all Booksellers.

PHOENIX

view that poetry is either propaganda or not poetry at all. That Caudwell nowhere sets up Spender's Aunt Sally is important enough; even more important is that, faced with this problem, Spender forces himself to deny the possibility of popular poetry in anything but a transient form. In effect, it seems, culture is too good for the majority of people; it must be reserved for those few delicate souls who "remain aware of those final realities of human existence from which most people attempt to hide." What those final realities are the rest of us are unqualified to consider; and when Caudwell lets the cat out of the esoteric bag Spender reacts with a familiar contempt for the masses. "The New Realism" of Mr. Spender would now seem, in fact, to be the ability to see in reality one's own sick image.

In the ten years since this book was published Caudwell has grown in stature. In those years writers, physicists and psychiatrists have paid tribute to a man who, although his orthodox education stopped short before he was fifteen, and though he died still young, yet analysed with a rare maturity and insight a crisis which has still to resolve. I should have thought that the author of *Forward from Liberalism* and *Trial of a Judge*, the translator of Lorca, would have preserved a discreet silence rather than relegate such "popular" writers as McDiarmid, Grassic Gibbon and Aragon to the sphere of political bigotry. S. C. B. YORKE

WORK FOR WOMEN

SIR,—The Government White Paper "Economic Survey for 1947" contains the following observation: "The prospective labour force of 18,300,000 men and women at Dec., 1947, falls substantially short of what is needed to reach the national objectives. The Government therefore appeals to women who are in the position to do so to enter industry. By doing so they will actively help in the national effort."

I am interested in the welfare of my country, not in any narrow national sense, but in the sense that as an efficient, industrious unit it can contribute to the welfare of other nations and of the world. I regard many of the national objectives of the Labour Government as praiseworthy, and I particularly approve the policy of increased production for export as a means of raising our standard of living.

I would like very much to do something towards achieving these objectives, but there are several obstacles which prevent me; one of these is that I am a married woman, and for this crime against society I am compelled to live the life of a parasite. It is just over twelve months since I worked.

I have not sat around and waited for jobs to come to me. Far from that. I have written well over a hundred letters, haunted the Appointments Register and the Labour Exchange, advertised regularly in the local daily newspaper, answered advertisements, and written to my M.P. My record of employment is a good one—two and a half years in my first job (during which time I studied for, and obtained my degree) and four years in the other.

There is no tradition of female labour in South Wales, and, especially now that there are ex-Servicemen without employment, the prejudice against retaining married women in occupations is very strong. Scarcely a week passes without some indignant ratepayer writing to the postbag about pin-money women, and appealing for the dismissal of married women workers so that ex-Servicemen may have their jobs "and thus become satisfied citizens."

Until recently I have been standing out for the modest salary of £375 p.a. and a job that was at least equal to my capacity; but as the months went by, and I had no success, I decided in desperation that I would take anything. So I was sent last week to apply for a post as clerical assistant in an industrial concern at a salary of £3 10s. a week. I was scarcely inside the door for my interview before the manager asked me "Are you married?", and when I had admitted my guilt he shook his head and showed me out. When I explained to the Labour Exchange official that I had been refused even this job because I was married, she was inclined to sympathise with the employer, and remarked that the married women "did play them up terribly during the war" and "took advantage," and so on. This may or may not be true. In any case it is a prejudice which is preventing my application for a job from being treated on its merits, which is unjust.

A friend, with a good degree and qualified as a teacher, is in similar plight because of the reluctance to employ married women teachers in Glamorgan. We are both of us on the scrap-heap—wasting national assets—but does anybody care? E.L.P.

HUMAN DECENCY

SIR,—The excellent article "Prison and the Future" reminded me of the following story.

As a clergyman, I was told by a member of my congregation, Mrs. B., that she felt most uncomfortable when, late one night, when the streets were quite empty, she was persistently followed by a stranger. Suddenly she saw a man approaching her on the other side of the road, so she crossed over and told him about the annoying man behind her and asked him if he would be good enough to accompany her to her house only two minutes' walk away. He agreed, and when they arrived Mrs. B. said good-night and thanked him for his kindness.

Two days later the bell rang at Mrs. B.'s house; two men were standing outside. They proved to be officers from Scotland Yard, who inquired whether Mrs. B. had been accompanied home by a man two nights before.

Mrs. B. naturally answered in the affirmative, and asked them the reason for this inquiry. The officers told her that the stranger was a dangerous criminal who was suspected of having committed a serious crime the same night. This he had denied, saying that he could not have done it as he was in quite a different place at that time.

Mrs. B. then replied, "I can only tell you that the stranger who accompanied me behaved absolutely like a gentleman."

The officers then asked her to come with them to Scotland Yard where the suspected man was remanded. On arrival Mrs. B. had to wait a few minutes. Then the stranger, handcuffed, was led in.

Mrs. B. was deeply moved at the sight of him, and after a pause she said, "Yes, this is the man I approached and who accompanied me home in a most courteous manner."

The officer present asked the prisoner why he had not taken the opportunity of robbing her. Whereupon he simply answered, "How could I do that? She was the first human being who had *trusted me*."

B. ITALIANER

POTATOES AND STARVATION

SIR,—The U.S. Government is buying two million tons of potatoes for destruction in order to keep up the price.

In Germany people are starving, and much of the rest of the world is in sore need of food.

Could there be anything more callously immoral? We are told that shipping is the bottleneck—well, are there not hundreds of ships laid up in the United States? We are told that refrigerator ships are required: cannot the potatoes be de-hydrated or tinned?

Of course there are difficulties: but who will say that they cannot be overcome, given the will to do so? Everyone is far too busy talking about democracy and liberty and iron curtains. Words and empty stomachs are a poor omen for peace. Let the statesmen prove that they have preserved a sense of proportion and true values: let the United States be as generous in loaning potatoes for feeding the starving as they are in loaning money for armaments and fine phrases for debate, and perhaps we shall get somewhere. T. M. UNWIN

BASIL
FACTORS IN GERMAN HISTORY
G. Barraclough
Demy 8vo Maps 8s 6d net
"A valuable contribution to modern thought."
—*Times Educ. Supplement.*
"Admirably concise demonstration that the unity of Europe depends on the unity of Germany."—*Spectator.*
"Scholarly excellence and lucidity.—*Tribune.*
STUDIES IN WAR ECONOMICS
Demy 8vo 410 pages 25s net
The most important of the war-time papers of the Oxford Institute of Statistics.
BLACKWELL

W. H. HEINEMANN FOUNDATION AWARD 1947
to
V. SACKVILLE-WEST

for her long poem
The Garden
Reprinting 8/6 net
MICHAEL JOSEPH

NORMAN
DENNY'S
'Mr. Pinsett is a really magnificent comic creation—an English Quixote.
Sweet Confusion
fully deserves three stars' FRANK O'CONNOR
9s 6d
★
reprinted
E. M. ALMEDINGEN'S
Frossia
42nd thousand 9s 6d
THE BODLEY HEAD

Crime Club Choice
NGAIO
(pronounced Ny-o)
MARSH
FINAL CURTAIN
"A new Ngaio Marsh book is an event. What a joy it is to find a detective story written with grace and culture, moving easily amongst well-observed characters."
—C. A. LEJEUNE in the OBSERVER
8s. 6d.
COLLINS

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE new material in *Geneva, Cymbeline Refinished and Good King Charles* by Bernard Shaw (*Constable*, 7s. 6d.) consists of three prefaces as well as some three thousand lines of blank verse; and to this new material is affixed the date 1945. I can think of no other writer, except, possibly, Fontenelle and Sophocles, who continued to be fruitful in his ninetieth year. In *Back to Methuselah* Mr. Shaw insisted upon increased longevity as the most hopeful source of an improvement in the human condition. In his new book he declares: "It is not proved that there is such a thing as natural death: it is life that is natural and infinite"; and he then attributes the shortcomings of our governors to their youthful ignorance and inexperience. "How long would it take us to mature into competent rulers of great modern States instead of, as at present, trying vainly to govern empires with the capacity of village headmen?"

In himself he seems to see at least the beginnings of maturity; "I am ending as a sage with a very scrappy and partial knowledge of the world." This suggests that, though he has not yet had time to acquire enough of the information that is available, the temper of his mind has become at once indulgent and objective. Are we, then, to look in his latest work for measured pronouncements, all passion spent? On the contrary, the shining virtue of this prose is a boyish liveliness, pushed sometimes to the point of irresponsibility. We are told that Charles II was "the best of husbands"; that most people with property to leave never bother to make a will; that during the worst of our bombardments only ten to fifteen inhabitants of this country were killed by air-raids every day. If these figures were correct, our worst bombardments must have lasted over thirteen years, since there were over sixty thousand deaths. If I point out that, throughout the month of September, 1940, the average number of deaths was two hundred and thirty a day, he will probably dismiss the correction as irrelevant. "The object of a moral instruction book," he wrote years ago, "is not to be rational, scientific, exact, proof against controversy, nor even credible: its object is to make children good." And in the eyes of this moral instructor are we not all of us children?

Sixty-six years ago Mr. Shaw learnt from his fellow-Dubliner, Oscar Wilde, that a truism, when reversed, becomes a witticism; and in his tireless exploitation of this formula he has often achieved wisdom as well as wit. Some critics have attributed his paradoxes to a tropism: as fish has to turn towards a light, Mr. Shaw, they declare, has to swim away from any generally held belief. The fact that it is generally held proves to him that it is untrue. In his new book they will point to the excuses he puts forward for those in control of Belsen and Buchenwald. Another instance. Talking of the Napoleons and Hitlers who have menaced England, he shrewdly writes: "Instead of frightening the wits out of her, they frightened the wits into her. She woke up and smashed them all." Yet on the previous page he describes our situation after Dunkirk in these reckless words: "It is now the fashion to descant dithyrambically on the steadfast heroism with which the nation faced this terrible emergency. As a matter of fact, the nation knew nothing about it." Perhaps the most surprising of his new sallies occurs in an account of Hitler:

> Encouraged by spineless attempts to appease him he attacked Russia, calculating that as a crusader against Soviet Communism he would finally be joined by the whole Capitalist West. But the Capitalist West was much too shortsighted and jealous to do anything so intelligent. It shook hands with Stalin and stabbed Hitler in the back.

In this passage, all of it remarkable, the concluding metaphor is the jewel. Mr. Shaw selected it, no doubt, merely for its familiarity in a different context. Exasperating? Of course; that is what it is meant to be. An exasperated reader continues to read: the more he longs to hurl the book on the fire, the more certain he is to go on seeking further reasons for his indignation.

Successful as Mr. Shaw has found this technique, few writers have so little need to use it. One cannot but regret the modesty that induces him to drown his so crisp and appetising prose in H.P. sauce. His modesty; and also his excessively low estimate of the reader's intelligence.

This brings us to one of the principal themes in the preface to *Geneva*: "Civilisation's Will to Live Always Defeated by Democracy." His contempt for the vast majority of men and women is limitless, a contempt in which disgust seems lately to have become more powerful than pity. Perhaps it is the disillusionment of the missionary in face of his converts. "The plebs," Mr. Shaw proclaims, in accents worthy of Coriolanus, "do not want to be governed." Watch how naughtily in the following passage he glides from argument to fantasy:

> That citizens get better value for the rates and taxes they pay than for most other items in their expenditure never occurs to them. They will pay a third of their weekly earnings or more to an idle landlord as if that were a law of nature; but a collection from them by the rate collector they resent as sheer nonsense: the truth being precisely the reverse. They see nothing extravagant in basing democracy on an assumption that every adult native is either a Marcus Aurelius or a combination of Saint Teresa and Queen Elizabeth Tudor, supremely competent to choose any tinker, tailor, soldier or any goodlooking, well-dressed female to rule over them. This insane prescription for perfect democracy, of course, makes democracy impossible and the adventures of Cromwell, Napoleon, Hitler and the innumerable conquistadores and upstart presidents of South American history inevitable.

This is the old game of setting up imaginary ninepins and bowling them over to distract attention from the real issue. No believer in democracy has ever suggested that political wisdom is equally shared by all the electors. The advantage peculiar to democracy is that it ensures government by consent. The point has been made quite clear by a writer whom I enormously respect: "One Antonine Emperor, one St. Louis, one Richelieu may be worth ten democracies in point of what is called good government, but there is no satisfaction for the people in them." That is Mr. Shaw forty years ago. Why does he no longer want the people to be satisfied? Why has liberty become a bugbear to the man who used to be its most effective champion? Nobody has done more than Mr. Shaw to destroy the tyranny of husbands, fathers, employers and other powerful men. If you and I believe and think and feel very differently from our grandfathers, it is largely due to him. The Voltaire of our Age, he deserves, more than Wilberforce or even Clarkson, to be known as the Liberator. The most successful of propagandists, he has lived to see many of his paradoxes deaden into platitudes. His Fabian notions have become Government policy; a public health service is replacing his old butt, the private practitioner; the divorce laws and the penal system have been reformed (though inadequately); the vote has been given to women, self-government to the Irish; and while there is still a censorship of plays, it is no longer formidable. What a constellation of victories, more than enough to make most men bask in complacency and bury their heads in the sand! Victories, however, are apt to prove in some respects disappointing; and Mr. Shaw looks round the scene of his triumphs without satisfaction. The lessees of our theatres are far more effectively hostile to living playwrights than ever the Lord Chamberlain was; women, in their votes have shown themselves more Conservative than men, and in no degree less prejudiced against women candidates for Parliament; the Irish, rid of the English (so far from turning, as Mr. Shaw prophesied, against their own reactionaries) have chosen to become a picturesquely backward people, with a comical censorship of books—not that this will matter for long, since the younger people hardly care to read, their education having been bedevilled by learning an artificial dialect of ancient British. Even in England men go on enjoying meat, alcohol, tobacco and football matches when they might be lengthening their lives on a vegetarian diet and training themselves to enjoy Shakespeare or Mozart. Mere children, and not nice children—as Mr. Shaw puts it, "child Yahoos."

The *vox populi* having shown itself so ungodlike, what wonder if Mr. Shaw turns to rend democracy? Liberty, he once declared, is the breath of nations; now he likes this breath to be extinguished. An inanimate body can be made so much less slovenly than a living body: it neither sweats nor excretes; and even in his unregenerate years Mr. Shaw was obsessed with a horror of the slovenly. He can no longer bear our casual and untidy ways. Already before the war he was puffing Hitler and Mussolini ("poor devils" he calls them to-day). This taste for police States may seem inconsistent in so professional a *frondeur* as Mr. Shaw. Such States have no room for satirists—they are thought peculiarly untidy. If Mr. Shaw were a Soviet writer, he would be in worse trouble than the comparatively innocuous Zoschenko, and would have been told to rehabilitate himself by writing a book in praise of bomber pilots. And, I very much fear, in order to achieve a neater world, he would accept the liquidation even of his own genius.

It is no mere tropism or taste for paradox that has turned him against democracy. His idolatry of neatness has been reinforced by fear of another war, which will make an end of the human race. In his solemn warning to us there is nothing topsy-turvy. And how right he is in thinking it madness to place the destructive force of modern science at the disposal of an incompetent government such as democracies incline to produce. Yet to substitute a dictator for our Parliament and entrust such destructive force to him would be even greater madness. After all, it was not a democracy that started either of the last wars.

Mr. Shaw's contempt for liberty seems to me alarming, for he has always proved a spokesman of the *Zeitgeist*: what he wants to-day, his countrymen get to-morrow. Neither Mr. Attlee nor Mr. Churchill would dream of imprisoning his opponents in order to retain power: though the Liberal Party has fallen a victim to the wise English taste for a two-Party system, the Liberal principle of toleration still commands general and sincere assent. On both sides of the House, however, there are now a few who share Mr. Shaw's hatred of our democratic system. And in the next Parliament there may be more.

Apart from the assault upon democracy, Mr. Shaw in his new Prefaces puts forward two proposals: Parliamentary candidates to pass an examination upon their knowledge; and the "coupled vote," which means that the representative would be not a man *or* a woman but a man *and* a woman. Only thus, he points out, can we obtain a House that is half-feminine. I share Mr. Shaw's regret that so few capable women are elected, but he seems to forget that if his suggested enactment were not unpopular, it would be unnecessary. How then can it become law? And I lack his faith in examinations, partly perhaps because I have passed more of them than he has, and chiefly because I have heard such crazy nonsense about politics in the mouths of the best-educated men.

I have said nothing about the plays in Mr. Shaw's book. *Cymbeline Refinished* is a *jeu d'esprit* which the author defends with unnecessary solemnity. (Shakespearean blank verse, he tells us, is to him a natural form of literary expression. This may well be so, though on this occasion he has not used it: his verse is anything but Shakespearean.) The two other plays have been previously published. *In Good King Charles's Golden Days* is a dazzling example of the Imaginary Conversation. It is written with the greatest gusto, and it can be re-read with acute enjoyment. Is there anyone else alive who could have composed a dialogue so spirited?

RAYMOND MORTIMER

NEW POETRY

The Traveller. By WALTER DE LA MARE. With drawings by JOHN PIPER. *Faber.* 7s. 6d.

Poems of Dedication. By STEPHEN SPENDER. *Faber.* 6s.

Fossils of a Future Time? By W. J. TURNER. *Oxford University Press.* 8s. 6d.

Poems, 1933-1945. By RAYNER HEPPENSTALL. *Secker and Warburg.* 7s. 6d.

So many of the books that come one's way wear a look of apology for having been written and, even more, printed and bound, that *The Traveller* is a delight merely to see and to handle. Paper and type, the elegantly set-out page, Mr. John Piper's four landscapes of vision: here they belong and we shall remember them, together with the poem they enhance. All for the price of 45 cigarettes!

The Traveller—the poem itself—achieves a magnificent surprise. It is not at all what we might have expected. (*Fossils of a Future Time?* for example, will come up to expectation or fall short, nothing more.) That a poet of Mr. de la Mare's years should be making discoveries, as vital as those belonging to his youth, is indeed remarkable. He is not merely, as they say, still "giving of his best"; nor is he one of those protean writers, like Hardy, who had arrived at poetry in middle-age. All his life Mr. de la Mare has been writing poetry: a little, and never far from one key, for such is his talent. *The Traveller* comes at the end of a poetic lifetime, and if not his greatest work, it throws the rest into perspective. While we re-read this new poem—impossible not to re-read it!—we are subtly promising ourselves the pleasure of reading him again as a whole.

What, then, was to be expected? Gnomic verse, and the curious exquisite definition of small things. Instead, here is a long narrative poem, sustained with a beauty and a gravity that only Mr. Eliot, perhaps, among living poets could excel. The Traveller of an earlier piece, knocking on an empty door and passing on, has come finally to regions where solitude takes on majestic and terrible forms.

> On, and still on he pressed—scorched heel to nape,
> Hunched in his saddle from the noonday's glare—
> Watched by a winged thing, high in heaven agape
> To ken aught stirring in a tract so bare,
>
> Which leaf or blade of grass could never yield.
> A vitreous region, like a sea asleep,
> Crystalline, convex, tideless and congealed,
> Profounder far than Tuscarora Deep,
>
> Further than sight could reach, before him lay.
> Head bent, eyes fixed—drowsed by recurrent stroke
> Of tic-tac ice-like hoof-beats, wits astray,
> He slipped again from real to dream: awoke
>
> To find himself marooned beneath a dome
> Of star-pricked vacancy, and darkness near . . .

So, in a landscape, lunar or prehistoric, Colorado valley, plain on which some atomic explosion raises its frightful monument in perpetuity, Mr. de la Mare explores his ultimate knowledge of life. Harshness and terror, death itself, and the possibility of a world, grown old, encompassing its own destruction are projected on these uplands of vision: a vision lit by endurances and hopes. That we must live and suffer, explore to the end, die lonely, and yet affirm (what, we may never quite know), is perhaps the faith that finds expression here in the terms of a calm beauty. The reconciliation, for those who require plainer and more comforting beliefs, will be found in the perfection of Mr. de la Mare's art. It *is*, through these one hundred and forty-two stanzas, and within its own limits, almost perfectly achieved. Against a few clichés ("his eyes Watched like a lynx") one could cite from any page the splendidly controlled diction—

> When clouds minute, like scales of fish, are seen
> Dappling an April daybreak, then, divine
> As Eros' eyes, there shows a blue between . . .
> Spectral and motionless, intent, and dumb . . .
>
> A self there is that listens in the heart
> To what is past the range of human speech,
> Which yet has urgent tidings to impart—
> The all-but-uttered, and yet out of reach.

The Traveller gives us a greatly enlarged sense of Mr. de la Mare's talent, but has the essence of his poetry, in fact, changed during forty-odd years? The subdued rustle and tinkle, that once fringed Keats, now perhaps at times more approaches Milton; and that vital dissonance discovered by our times—the ever-present K sound—is exquisitely employed in a score of passages. Otherwise there has been little obvious alteration. The gain has been in a continuous and almost unnoticeable growth. Given that growth, the poet who finds his occasion in old age will inevitably achieve deeper than he did. So, it seems to me, now does Mr. de la Mare.

Mr. Stephen Spender also—most lyrical and most uncertain of his generation—has some splendid pieces in his *Poems of Dedication*. I must confess to having doubted, at one time, whether he would match the impulse of his first volume. These new poems remove any such doubt. He has, after a struggle, acquired the technique which his rather shapeless inspiration so badly needed. This technique is not merely a matter of being able to rhyme, or bring off a sonnet, though here he does both; the *capability* of doing so gives just that stiffening and pattern that distinguishes a poem from the skirmishings of free verse. Some strictness, some rhyme, but not a great deal, appears to be his happy medium. He feels also more poetically than when he resolves. Thus, in the present collection, the least successful poems are in the sonnet sequence (reflections on life), the best in the opening elegy. The hovering, insistent image is still his strength: of the dying girl in "Elegy for Margaret"—

> Poor girl, inhabitant of a strange land
> Where death stares through your gaze,
> As though a distant moon
> Shone through midsummer days
> With the skull-like glitter of night . . .

And the final section, "Seascape and Landscape," is almost as good. It contains "Seascape," perhaps the most accomplished poem in the book (and persuasively analysed by Mr. Day Lewis in his recent *The Poetic Image*).

> There are some days the happy ocean lies
> Like an unfingered harp, below the land.
> Afternoon gilds all the silent wires
> Into a burning music of the eyes.
> On mirroring paths between those fine-strung fires,
> The shore, laden with roses, horses, spires,
> Wanders in water, imaged above ribbed sands . . .

The sense of touch (the harp) hovers here remarkably: that, rather than the superimposed visual patterns, of which Mr. Day Lewis remarks cautiously that he has never seen such a coincidence in nature himself. Again, the sensuously bunched phrasing, as so often with Spender, achieves its own soft intensity despite questionable terms. In the last two lines quoted, "roses" is (with this poet) a recurrent cliché, while Wordsworth's "ribbed sand" has been lifted so often that it retains no more of its original brilliance than the novelist's "cupped hands." Yet the whole poem attains its mirage, its embryonic lure: if it were more completely fashioned, written, say, with the mastery of a de la Mare, we should probably miss that curious intimacy, as of feeling one's way, produced by no other writer. Rilke described the hands of Rodin at work, and we may prefer description to final stone. Mr. Spender, in this particular, is his own Rilke.

The material of poems rather than poems, the ideas, the images, poured out and not allowed to settle, *vin cru* of a distinctive fresh flavour—this was the gift of the late W. J. Turner. He was as certainly a true and audacious poet as the most slapdash of journalists. Both qualities—the instinct and the reckless habit—persisted with a bounding energy. Atom bombs, the stars of the Russian ballet, shop-windows, a woman walking by send him flying up in the air, with a buoyancy uncurbed by disillusion.

> As vestiges immortal
> of custom coral-shrined
> look out from each house-portal
> the centuries behind.
>
> The pangs of ancient lovers
> as twisted candelabra;
> perfume, the frilling curtains,
> all memory's abracadabra. . .

The three inversions of the first verse would not, if they had been pointed out to Turner, have appeared to him bad. No lingering! He revels in simple conjuring feats (soundless sounds and motionless movements play a large part in his verse), and can even trick himself with a word like "illimitless." Intoxication, the generous if slapdash inspiration, is everything. Like all his poetry, *Fossils of a Future Time?* is immensely readable, but it should be read quickly and not too much at a stretch.

Mr. Rayner Heppenstall's *Poems* from thirteen years begin with the latest and end with the earliest. It seems to me a wise arrangement. Poetry, even more than other writing, should captivate at once and then send the reader exploring; this the more recent poems do. "Uneasy Time" is the war-time, when poetry at any rate grew easier.

> Small creatures of the mind
> No longer flourish or die
> To the old measure, the old, kind
> Hesitations of the eye.
>
> Particles of dead thought
> Stir all day now and find
> No means to be used as they ought
> On the floor of the mind.
>
> So if a friend comes to look
> For his favour or proud
> Comfort, he steps out from the rock
> And stares into a cloud.
>
> I pray the tooth's edge learn soon
> To love and offend none,
> Or of its own anxiety wean
> My death before it is grown.

That admirable distinct severity—we shall find, reading on and then going backwards in date—has come out of conflict and mannered stress. Not that some of the earlier poems aren't also, in their less resolved manner, catching or compelling. But the trimly exact words whirl round centres of pain; and the two don't always—contrast Dylan Thomas, a natural twirler of images—conform. The agony of not believing issues finally in a surprisingly light form.

> My lack of Christ, my dove, my doe,
> Makes my days live, too, as if I had won
> Salvation a million years ago,
> My breath, my bone, my noon-day sun.

From that one is willing to make the trial of the more difficult pieces from the Thirties. "Sebastian," the long poem in which martyrdom reaches its height, proves a hard nut to crack; I haven't yet altogether succeeded with it myself. We are made to feel, by later developments if by nothing else, that some effort is worth expending. One thing troubles me rather more about this very individual and assured writer; only two of the pieces here bear a date more recent than 1940. What has he been doing, as a poet, since?

G. W. STONIER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

to any address in the world.

Yearly, 32s. 6d.; Six months, 16s. 3d.; Three months, 8s. 6d.

By Air to any country in Europe, £3 yearly.

Canada and U.S.A., Air Edition £3 15s. ($15), yearly; Six months, £2 ($8). Surface Edition, $8 Yearly; Six months, $4.

Subscriptions may be remitted to BRITISH PUBLICATIONS INC., 150 East 35th Street, N.Y.16, N.Y.

To other countries by special quotation.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. *Hol.* 3216.

POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d.

THE NEW CAUDILLO

Argentina. By NORMAN MACKENZIE. *Gollancz.* 6s.

Argentina, land of horizons, celebrated the defeat of Imperial Spain by elaborating a beautiful Constitution. At no time has that Constitution fitted the realities of the country. Yet it is true that Democracy is still a song in the hearts of the majority of Argentine citizens.

In the course of the struggle to create a new nation incorporating pampa, jungle, mountains and desolate South, periods of approximately democratic government have always ended in corruption, and dictators have arisen. Countless immigrants from all parts of Europe, and the revolutionary theories of Europe and Russia during a whole century, have added their special turmoil. Dreams, youthful enthusiasms, aged habits, have had to be absorbed. Untold wealth and unlimited space have distorted men's sense of values.

Until Mussolini and Hitler provided the example, no Argentine Caudillo ever attempted to organise a dictatorship systematically. President Perón is the first of these leaders to adopt the totalitarian technique. But even in this case the European parallel should not be too closely accepted. Perón was quite freely elected to the Presidency, and there is a genial generosity in his behaviour which has been lacking in the prototypes of the Old World. His dictatorship is the product of boom, not of depression.

The present reviewer is unfitted, both in nationality and ability, for the task of indicating to Mr. Norman MacKenzie the methods that he should adopt in combating *Perónismo*. One recommendation, however, may be submitted. No Argentine citizen—except the most Europe-linked Liberal (and we must admire these brave individuals)—will be influenced by the suggestion that Perón is just another Hitler. There has been no Left Book Club in Argentina. If Perón is to be overthrown, it will be by traditional Argentine methods: for example, the exposure of corruption in his entourage. In this rich country corruption has always been easy, and, for a limited period, tolerated, in any political party. Then the time arrives when the public—reviving its democratic pride—grows ashamed. A revolution breaks out with the suddenness of those storms which periodically blast the pampa. Already on March 26th, 1947, a member of the Congress at Buenos Aires began to expose corruption in the present regime. Perón, aware of the danger, replied on March 29th with typical aplomb that "he himself and Señor Miguel Miranda, President of the Central Bank, worked from 6 a.m. until 10 p.m. without receiving any personal benefit. He himself was as poor as a church mouse" (this, of course, is preposterously untrue), "while Señor Miranda, who owned thirty factories and countless millions of pesos, was beyond financial ambitions."

The indictment in this book is founded largely on the official U.S. Blue Book and the dispatches of two prominent North American newspaper correspondents, and as far as it goes, it is accurate. But a huge portion of the picture is missing, and the author's argument lacks the weight that a closer knowledge of the local scene and the local people could have given to it. As an anti-Fascist document, however, *Argentina* is well designed. Yet Mr. MacKenzie is so scrupulous in his presentation of the evidence that he proves beyond doubt that the policy of Perón in social reform, economic planning, and international diplomacy is (in spite of its grave defects) far in advance of anything that the pathetically disunited Opposition can offer. Perón's policy is imaginative, and has been brilliantly successful so far. The methods employed are unorthodox, brutal, narrowly nationalist; but, as Mr. MacKenzie recognises, the aim is a direct outcome of present realities, needs and opportunities.

For thirty years or so the Argentine people have considered themselves to be potentially a super-race. Perón has shown by concrete achievements that he intends them to become in his lifetime the powerful nation that they aspire to be. He understands and shares the popular ambition. To attain the desired position at home and abroad, he is seizing energetically every opportunity that the present (highly favourable) moment offers. He is utilising every device that twentieth-century European and Russian revolutionaries of Left and Right have invented. He is the first Argentine statesman to recognise the significance of the rise of local industry, and to give expression to the appetites of the new urban working-classes. He is really creating a quite new Argentina. The value of Mr. MacKenzie's book is in the revelation that it is in the power of President Perón to pervert the instincts and aspirations of his countrymen, so that the nation which hitherto has striven fitfully to model its life on the best of European ideals, may instead find itself developing habits of thought and action which would have horrified San Martín and Sarmiento. The danger, in our opinion, will be greater when the present period of exuberant prosperity declines and gives way to economic crisis. Few Argentines to-day can conceive that such a crisis will ever again occur in their land. If, when the depression comes, the characteristics which Mr. MacKenzie now condemns have become firmly established in Argentina, it will be a tragedy for the Americas and for the world.

The portrait of Perón presented in these pages is true to life, and vivid. A single quotation will show the shamelessness and fascinating vigour of the man:

"It is reported of one meeting at which he spoke that he ended by saying to the crowd, 'Do not disperse for ten minutes. I just want to look at you,' and the crowd remained standing in silence. His popular appeal depends upon a rather ruthless turn of phrase, typical of which is a broadcast he made during the election campaign: 'Before the nation enjoys luxuries and palaces, we must make sure that not one single Argentine is rejected from Army service for malnutrition. We are famous for improving the breed of cattle, sheep and horses. We should have improved the breed of men because, if we must oppose foreign ambitions, men, not cattle, will do the fighting'" J. C. DEL VALLE

ACCURACY IN ENGLISH

Usage and Abusage. A Guide to Good English. By ERIC PARTRIDGE. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15s.

Every educated person must have been annoyed by coming across bad English in books, reviews, newspapers, or (worst of all) in conversation. For the printed error may always be politely excused as a misprint; but if you correct a friend's spoken mistake it may be that you lose his friendship. I therefore welcome Mr. Partridge's bold effort to guide speakers and writers along the right way. It is unfortunate, however, that the title he has chosen is itself bad English; for though it is well known that "abusage" was at one time a familiar word, yet it has long since fallen out of our vocabulary; and a work by Mr. Partridge stands in no need of a cheap jingle to attract notice. Why he should not have said "Use and Abuse" is hard to understand. Nevertheless, I accept the book with gratitude, and the more I see of it, the better it appears. It has already gone through three editions in America,

THE DIFFERENT DRUMMER
by Cledwyn Hughes
Two vivid short novels by a brilliant young Welshman whose short stories have already established his reputation.
Cr. 8vo. 231 *pp.* 9s. 6d.

★ ★

GIRL IN BOMBAY
by Ishvani
In this sparkling, provocative autobiography, the famous Indian dancer paints a charming picture of her childhood and tells of the tragedy of her first marriage.
Cr. 8vo. 200 *pp.* 8s. 6d.

PILOT PRESS

CURRENT AFFAIRS
Published Fortnightly
Subscription 10/6 a year
(Back numbers 7d. a copy post free)

Latest titles
25. Why Pay Taxes?
By Sir Henry Bunbury
26. Sounding Public Opinion
By Colin McIver
27. Can Country Life Survive?
By Victor Bonham-Carter

Only obtainable from
THE BUREAU OF CURRENT AFFAIRS
117, *Piccadilly, London, W.1*

PLEIADES ART BOOKS
Volume III
CHARLES KEENE
By DEREK HUDSON
"Derek Hudson has done a real service to art with his collection of drawings published under the title CHARLES KEENE. Over 60 drawings in black-and-white are reproduced in this excellent volume and also several colour-plates. In his notes he gives some intimate glimpses of the great draughtsman."—*Sphere*
"Thoughtful, well documented and finely illustrated."—*Tatler*
18/- *net*

INTERVAL IN CAROLINA
WILLIAM ABRAHAMS
A first novel by a young American poet, this is the sensitively written love-story of a young soldier about to embark on service overseas. A PL book 8/6 *net*

★

HUMAN PROBLEMS IN INDUSTRY
N. M. DAVIES
No. 2 of the New Democracy Library should appeal to a wide public. Illustrated by photogravure plates and 4-colour Isotype charts. *(In association with Well Gardner, Darton & Co. Ltd.)*
6/- *net*

NICHOLSON & WATSON

and I hope it will be equally successful over here.

Of the utility of such a book there can be no doubt. For, apart from our own conversation and that of others, where precision in speech gives almost infallible signs of the degree of culture obtained by the speaker, if we turn to writers we find hardly an English author, great or small, who does not occasionally fall into error. Where is there a nobler or more eloquent author than Burke? Yet, to hazard a probable guess, it is impossible to read ten consecutive pages of him without lighting on a slip in grammar. Shelley also, though his "Be thou *me*, impetuous one," if the context be regarded, may well be admitted, has many scores which Mr. Partridge might justifiably censure. Froude, one of the most delightful of historians, or romancers, will supply the searcher with multitudes of examples, and his opponent Freeman, though much more accurate, does not altogether avoid them. Even Macaulay, most careful (in this respect) of all prose writers, says (it is true, only in a diary) "I could still repeat half of *Paradise Lost*, and that the *best* half." In a book I have just been reading, the style of which was called "simply exquisite" by well-known reviewers, I found within half a dozen consecutive pages many sentences almost worthy to be compared with the old Parliamentary "Arising out of that question, Mr. Speaker." I select here but two or three: "Forgetting that remarkable men have been credited with superhuman power, miracles were regarded as proving that Vespasian was a divine person": "To wash a dish or cook a dinner on the Sabbath *were* accounted as great a sin as murder": "The prophet Elijah, *whom* Malachi has said would be sent before the coming of that great and terrible day . . ." And how often "scarcely than" occurs in histories of distinction, such for instance as Merivale's *Romans Under the Empire*, would be hard to count; and on a single page of the same author I find "the work of aggrandisement and self-defence *seem*," and "those whom compassion, gratitude, or interest *have* elevated."

Of course I do not always agree with Mr. Partridge. He thinks "different to" (which to me is an abomination) is not a solecism; and on the same page he informs us that Swift, in the sentence "You are a much greater loser than I," ought to have written "than me"; a thesis he defends in a long paragraph in which he tries to show that *than* is a preposition. In his censure of "different than" however, I am happy to find myself in agreement with him, and also in his denunciation of *like* for *as* or *as if*: an error which, it is to be feared, has made its way into our language too strongly for even Mr. Partridge to uproot it.

The book is rightly drawn up dictionary-wise: this method makes it easy for the student to find what he wants. The first word that I looked up was *only*—which I imagine to be as often misplaced as any other; and next I tried *very*, and was pleased to see that Mr. Partridge will not allow it to be used with a participle. "I was very interested" is to him as bad as "very interwoven."

If I were asked to select those of Mr. Partridge's articles which I think the most valuable, I should choose the one on "Idiom and Idioms" and the one entitled "Vogue." That on Idiom is largely based on an essay by Logan Pearsall Smith, first published in 1923. "The idiosyncrasy of English, like that of other languages, is perhaps most strikingly exemplified in the use of prepositions. Prepositional usage in all languages contains . . . much that is peculiar and arbitrary"—a position illustrated and proved by a truly delightful argument. "Vogue," on the other hand, is a long article, made up of several smaller ones, and I recommend readers to study them with care.

But after all the chief value of the book will be that it will stimulate the whole mind of its readers. After studying it they will inevitably be more observant—more careful in their reading, and therefore more accurate themselves and able to gain more from their study of others. This does not mean that they will become captious or cynical. But it does mean that they will grow more sensitive in taste, and will be less liable than before to be deluded by claptrap or vulgarity posing as vigour. Noticing that an author is (as far as possible) accurate in language, they will be inclined to trust him as to matters of fact; and every fact added to their store of knowledge improves their power of judgment amid the confusions of the world. E. E. KELLETT

RUSSIA'S "NEW AMERICA."

Secret Siberia. By EMIL LENGYEL. *Robert Hale.* 15s.

Mr. Emil Lengyel, the author of *Secret Siberia*, was sent to Siberia in July, 1916, as a Hungarian prisoner of war, being repatriated 18 months later. He found Siberia a pleasant land in many ways, for the climate is Canadian. The air is invigorating and the cold is easier to bear than the lighter frosts of Moscow and Leningrad, because in Siberia the air is dry and on most days there is no wind. There have never been big landlords and the people are a hardy but kindly race of independent settlers with many of the qualities of American pioneers.

The land is as yet scarcely half-settled but the black earth of Southern Russia continues in a great tongue of fertile land into Western Siberia and the fabulous mineral resources of the Urals and the Kuzbas are year by year drawing Russia's industrial centre of gravity towards themselves. This new industrial region lying in the centre of the Soviet Union, beyond the range of attack, is the key to Soviet security now and to a rising standard of life in the future.

When Mr. Lengyel was a prisoner in the Kaiser's war, he learnt German, French, English and Italian but not Russian. He describes the life of the prison camp but he does not leave the reader one single new or vivid impression of the Russian world that surrounded him. He has since returned to Siberia, but we do not learn when or where and there is scarcely a phrase in the whole book to suggest personal experience.

It is a handicap that Mr. Lengyel is not writing in his native tongue, but that is no reason for being inaccurate and supercilious. Nearly all Mr. Lengyel's material is taken from books, but his reading of Russian history does not seem to be wide and he has no eye for significant detail.

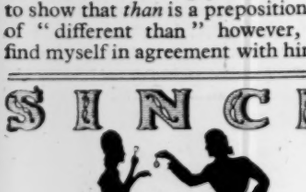
However, *Secret Siberia* has its good points and the reader will find in the first chapter some fascinating geography. One would like to know more about the apparently carnivorous habits of the Siberian mammoth.

The sketch of Siberia's adventurous early history is a fairy-tale which is anti-Tsarist, but for all that would not please Soviet historians. It is better skipped, but the account of the building of the Trans-Siberian Railway is very interesting, though it is less than fair to the vision and initiative of those who sponsored this great project in Tsarist days. The horrifying description of the exile system draws copiously on George Kennan's classical study and does justice to the many honest and humane Tsarist officials as well as to the darker side.

The period of the Revolution and the Intervention abounds in vivid personalities and this part of *Secret Siberia* is good reading, but for all his admiration the author has nothing new and nothing interesting to say about Soviet achievement in Siberia.

The development of industry and of agri

SINCE 1788



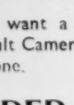
For more than one hundred and fifty years we have been supplying good clocks and watches and for generations we made them, one at a time, by hand.

Nowadays science has mechanized production and expert knowledge is essential in differentiating class production from mass production.

When you want a clock or a watch consult Camerer Cuss and get a good one.

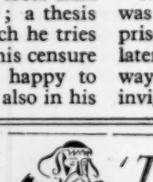
CAMERER CUSS
NEW OXFORD STREET · LONDON · W.C.1

Makers of Good Clocks and Watches since 1788



Also 91 Kingsway W.C.2

DHR



'To Asswage Raging Pains'

¶ "*Take Aloes, Hermodactils and Scammony, of each half a dram; reduce them to subtil powder and make Pills thereof with Juice of Roses*" runs an old seventeenth-century prescription "to asswage the raging pains of gout and sciatica".

¶ Nowadays nerve pains can be 'asswaged' safely and effectively with 'Cogene'—a scientific combination of four separate drugs, three pain relievers and one a stimulant. 'Cogene' contains only a minute amount of each drug, but its formula is so effective that it reaches even the most harassing nerve pain in a surprisingly short time.

¶ *But*—always remember that 'Cogene' cannot remove the *cause* of the pain: only a doctor or a dentist can do that. Supplies are limited, but your chemist will see you get *your* share. Price 1/1½d. a tube.

COGENE
Regd. Trade Mark
A 'GENATOSAN' Product
Brand Tablets

GREEN ODYSSEY

A new pocket quarterly, presenting characteristic aspects of life and conditions in all countries.

Photographs and line drawings.

Current Spring Issue (2nd No.) includes:

ILLYRIA NOW
by Francesca Wilson

TEMPLE TRIPS IN THE WESTERN HILLS
by Doris Chesney

SWISS CHEESES
by E. von Steiger and B. M. Bartholdy

FARMING PROBLEMS IN NIGERIA

'NOW-RUZ', PERSIAN SPRING FESTIVAL

THE STORY OF MAN AND HIS YEARS
Rumanian Folk-Tale

FAERY-LORE OF THE BORDERS
by A. G. Reekie

Comments on 1st No.: I am fascinated . . . something many of us have wished for . . . congratulations on the freshness and excellence of your magazine . . . most unusual and attractive.

Price 2s. post free or from Newsagents.

THE GREEN ODYSSEY PUBLISHING CO.
41, PRESTBURY ROAD, CHELTENHAM, GLOS.

THE KEN BOOKSHOP
for all the
BEST MODERN BOOKS

SPECIAL TECHNICAL AND SECOND-HAND DEPARTMENTS

84, VICTORIA ST., S.W.1.
Telephone: VICTORIA 2738.

culture has been very fast in Soviet Siberia. The first need of the Soviet Union is for trained engineers, and the Urals Industrial Institute at Sverdlovsk has become a great university of engineering, whose students make the impression of alert well-balanced human beings.

All this and more is true but it sticks in one's gorge to be told of the iniquities of the Tsarist exile system by a writer who glosses over the fact that the Soviet Government has sent many times larger numbers of men and women on the road to Siberia. A comparison of the Tsarist and Soviet systems in this matter would be instructive and might indeed bring out, *inter alia*, some humane and enlightened aspects of the Soviet treatment of prisoners.

JOHN LAWRENCE

LINCOLN AGAIN

Lincoln the President: Springfield to Gettysburg. By J. G. RANDALL. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 32s.

Professor Randall's re-examination of the Lincoln legend is a book that was certain to be written. Nor need it be considered that the task should have been attacked earlier, for the records were not available in the mass until the American libraries and collectors had done their work, and more papers are to be made available in Washington this year. The limits of *Lincoln the President* are indicated in the title of these two volumes. Presumably the author will need two more volumes for completion.

It is hard to think of a modern man whose life was lived in a fiercer glare of publicity than Lincoln's; yet there is no example of myth-making in the nineteenth century to compare with this. All the stages of Lincoln's career and every significant personal incident were deliberately wrapped in folds of fiction, and even fairly recent biographers failed to release the man and the President. A. J. Beveridge began the good work. Professor Randall makes only a few references to Carl Sandburg's remarkable four volumes, but he praises the Chicago poet's work as a fine imaginative creation.

The re-examination has to begin with Lincoln's alleged early romance. Professor Randall is able to show that the story of Ann Rutledge has only the slenderest foundation, and if he does not succeed in making Mary Todd an attractive person, at least he disposes of Herndon's inventions, including the distressing anecdote of Lincoln's defection as a bridegroom. Such clearances are salutary, although of course they are not comparable in value with Professor Randall's rigorous overhauling of the legends concerning political and military events. He notes, for instance, the interminable references to the famous Lincoln-Douglas debates, regretting that those who quote have seldom read the verbatim reports. Actually the antagonists were not far apart. They avoided the great issues of the time, and when in power Lincoln's party adopted Douglas's policy. General McClellan provides Professor Randall with his most conspicuous opportunity for rewriting history. His rigorous analysis of the evidence of the vindication to which it leads makes as effective a piece of reconstruction as we have had in connection with the men of the Civil War, and probably with any military commander of the century. Such myths, however, are usually indestructible. It will take a long time for the facts concerning McClellan to reach the American schools.

No previous biographer of Lincoln has equalled Professor Randall in disentangling the record of the Generals and the Cabinet intrigues and the true story of the Emancipation Proclamation, while he is brilliant in presenting the amazing spectacle of politics as usual which bedevilled Lincoln's direction of the war from beginning to end. As for the battle of Gettysburg and the occasion of the speech, they have been exploited to the utmost by the exploiters of rumour and the weavers of romance and Professor Randall is master of the field, and indubitably the last word is his.

S. K. RATCLIFFE

Leviathan. By THOMAS HOBBES. Edited by MICHAEL OAKESHOTT. *Blackwell.* 8s. 6d.

A new edition of Hobbes' masterpiece was since a long time overdue. Though the text was easily accessible in the *Everyman's* Edition, the present edition has the advantage of a lengthy and important introduction by the editor.

Mr. Oakeshott is probably right when he writes of the *Leviathan* that it "is the greatest, perhaps the sole, masterpiece of political philosophy written in the English language." It is the more surprising that it had hitherto hardly found an adequate commentator. Mr. Oakeshott's commentary is admirable and shows a remarkable gift in elucidating a complex and difficult philosophical system. His introduction easily supersedes anything which Leslie Stephen or Croom Robertson have contributed towards an interpretation of Hobbes' main work.

To the student of Hobbes two points in Mr. Oakeshott's interpretation deserve particularly to be mentioned. Hobbes' thought is linked up with late medieval traditions and his attitude towards the Christian religion is (almost for the first time) adequately though perhaps too briefly analysed.

As the editor has set himself such a high standard, one may perhaps venture a few words of criticism. It is to be regretted that Mr. Oakeshott has chosen to stress, as it were, the perennial context in which Hobbes' work stands. He might have said a little more about the historic background of the *Leviathan*, particularly with reference to the second Latin edition which was published after the Restoration. The differences of both editions are important for an understanding of Hobbes' political philosophy. The biographical note is also very short. Nor should the bibliography have been restricted to English books only—works by authors like Toennies, Lips, Gadave or Brandt might have been usefully mentioned. Finally, one would have wished the introduction could have included a few pages on the history of the influence of one of the greatest books ever written.

Honey Bees and Their Management. By STANLEY B. WHITEHEAD, D.Sc. *Faber.* 12s. 6d.

This is a very good book on bees and bee-keeping and can be safely recommended to all who have hives, and particularly to the amateur. The art of bee-keeping can effectively be learnt only by keeping bees, but the amateur needs instruction in the science and few books give it as clearly and sensibly as Dr. Whitehead's. It is divided into two parts. The early part is a guide to the beginner in his first years of bee-keeping and there is little or nothing omitted which he will have to know. The second part contains information, including a chapter on the bee's anatomy, which will be useful as the bee-keeper becomes more experienced and expert. Dr. Whitehead's attitude towards methods of dealing with the hive is usually conservative and cautious; the simplest and most natural way of hive management always appeals to him, and he does not recommend the frills and fancies of the more delicate and complicated techniques. There is no doubt that this is the right attitude in a book which is meant to be read by beginners. A good example of his sensible standpoint is to be found in the chapter on modern methods of swarm control. Most of the methods of control recommended to bee-keepers are condemned by him as cruel and uncertain; he mentions only three as "based upon an intelligent interpretation of bee theory," the Demaree, the Snelgrove, and the Simmins, but even these require skill and experience, and, as he hints, the best method of preventing swarming is to have a non-swarming strain of bees.

Where are our New Writers?

GOLDEN opportunities await writers of promise to-day, yet our magazines carry a high proportion of American fiction, often altered to suggest a British origin. Editors protest that they look in vain for the British story.

£1,000 Prize Competitions!

Two famous publishing firms recently conducted £1,000 contests to discover new authors. You may have the talent, but it needs training to produce the stories that editors will publish. You are now offered expert guidance by seven leading authors and editors with years of successful experience.

Your Opportunity?

Have you the URGE to write, a gift for weaving stories or the knack of writing interesting articles? Then apply for "Prospects for Authorship," sent under plain, sealed cover, without obligation. Desk A48, The Fleet Street School of Authorship Ltd., 45 Chancery Lane, Fleet Street, London, W.C.2 (Stamp for reply appreciated).

THE BANK IS INTERESTED

It is interested in its customers, in their affairs and in their business ventures; it is ready, by direct assistance and friendly counsel, to help those affairs forward, for it recognises that the prosperity of the Bank is to be found in the prosperity of its customers. It is, therefore, good business to keep in touch with your Bank. The Manager at any branch of the Westminster Bank will be glad to discuss with you any problem in which the services of the Bank can usefully be employed

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

Happy as a King

HE'S FOUND A LENGTH OF

Sportex

SCOTLAND'S HARDEST WEARING CLOTH

For a lovely Holiday

Here are all the attractions of a modern holiday town in surroundings of unusual beauty. Ample facilities for sports and games — golf, tennis, bowls, fishing, shooting — and a wide range of high-class entertainments, ensure a really delightful holiday. Harrogate's famous hotels and boarding houses provide excellent accommodation.

Write for Holiday Guide to A. C. Baxter, Information Bureau, Harrogate.

Beautiful Bracing

Harrogate

FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH

Week-end Competitions

No. 897

Set by Wm. Whitebait

The usual prizes are offered for a letter to a newspaper, putting forward practical proposals for the removal of St. Paul's cathedral to a new site, thereby overcoming an obstruction to the development of London. Details of the process of removal, and of the site will be welcome. Length 250 words. Entries by May 13th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 894

Set by Sam Smiles

The usual prizes are offered for the portrait of one of the English kings or queens in sixteen lines.

Report by Sam Smiles

A popular subject that brought many good entries. Surprisingly to me, Edward VI proved a favourite choice. Allan M. Laing sent some severe couplets on Queen Victoria:

Respectable she was beyond a doubt,
And so-called vices were in her left out;
But lacking humour and the wider parts,
I can pronounce her only good in parts.

Other uncommonly good entries came from F. M. L., Stanley J. Sharpless, W. Heath, J. L. Carr, Vivien Bulkley, G. J. Blundell, John Grant, E. M. Silvanus, Silvia Tatham, M. Trench, L. Marshall Jones, K. H. Ridley, Xanthixos and Terence Melican. Turning regretfully from these, I recommend thirty shillings each to Justinian Stubbs, R. J. P. Hewison and Shok; twelve shillings each to L. E. J., Willy Tadpole and Leslie Johnson.

In orange-tawny sarcenet, in purple padesoy,
I prinked it on my genet in the lemon yellow sun;
In seed-pearl-dusted armazine, in stammel red and dun,
By god I was a pigsnye prince, a lusty pretty boy.
I sucked poetic precept from the Vicarage of Hell;
I built a monstrous battleship to mortify the French;
I fattened up a cardinal and sat him on a bench,
And when it broke, bedevilled him, and broke with Rome as well.
I struck a girl from Catherine in bedlock orthodox,
Another one from Bullen and a sallow boy from Jane.
My practice matrimonial was cut-and-come-again—
I got a reputation, but by god I got the pox.
I hang embalmed at Windsor now, in gross three-quarter length,
In camerick, tuft-taffeta, boratto and brocade,
By dewlap and by greedy eye by artifice betrayed—
But if I had the appetite, by god I had the strength!

"JUSTINIAN STUBBS"

A German King so stoutly English he
Comprised the nation in epitome,
And in the turns of one protracted reign
Was farmer, soldier, organist—and sane;
Bluff, curious, frugal, conscientious, dull,
Opinionate—half Prodnose, half John Bull;
A beef-and-dumpling man no Kickshaws pleased
But simple joys delighted, questions teased;
At home with all, or commoner or lord
(This oft respected him, that e'er adored);
The best of husbands, fathers not the worst,
With sons unkind yet not unjustly curst;
America he lost, but kept his head
(Though not his wits) when hapless Lewis bled.
Such then the portrait of our George the Third—
Robust, pathetic, royal and absurd.

R. J. P. HEWISON

KING GEORGE THE SECOND

Extract from a recently discovered *Epistle to His M——y K. G——e III*, written by C——s Ch—rch—ll, A.M., and very privately printed by J——n W—lk—es, Esq.

. . . Your Royal Grandsire (such a *Low-Dutch* Sot
As no one could outdrink him but a *Scot*)*
Into and out of one bold Action blunder'd
And DETTINGEN through C—bb—er's Odes re-thunder'd;
Mean was his spirit and his presence mean
Tho' deck'd in trappings from a tinsell'd Scene,
With *Star* and *Garter*, baton and gold lace,
And a plum'd Hat to hide his paltry Face.
His Q——n, in Prelates and Preferments nice,
A Bawd for Bishopricks at easy price,
Had just that wit to rule so gross a Lord
Nor mark with what coarse Appetite he whor'd;
Of *Guelphs* and *Stuarts*, both alike a Curse,
Some have been better, one or two been worse;
He leaves to you your House's squalid Fate:
From Son to Son a Father's jealous Hate . . .

* The strictest historical accuracy is not to be look'd for in Mr. C's works.

SHOK

King Alfred wisely ruled the land,
His navy foreran Drake's,
King Alfred won his battles,—and
He also burned some cakes.
Few learn he put the Danes to rout,
His laws, or scholarship,
But everybody knows about
That small domestic slip.
Yet take it as a healthy sign
That thus we load the dice;
Our heroes' faults to underline
Is *our* redeeming vice.
Though title of "the Great" he bore,
Though well and truly earned,
How right that he's remembered for
The cakes he went and burned.

JOYCE JOHNSON

KING EDWARD VI.

The Liturgy that bears his name
Could not more narrowly compress
God's spirit in a jewelled frame
Than did his pearl-encrusted dress
Squeeze with rare stones
His little bones,
Ill-nourished by good master Cheke
On prayers and piety and Greek.
No Tudor-rosy passion flows
In his cool veins; he paid no debt
Who from his prie-dieu lightly rose
To seal the axe for Somerset.
Oh bitter meed
For Harry's seed,
When tainted heritage defiled
The soul of that cold-hearted child!

L. E. J.

The second Charles was tall and dark,
And favoured smart perukes;
With ducks he stocked St. James's Park,
The country round with dukes.
With equal zeal he served the arts
And follies of his age,
A worldly man of able parts,
And neither fool nor sage.
Too indolent to raise his hand
Against his kith and kin,
He stood for toleration and
For drinking at an inn.
Although his morals some deplore,
His manners few decry.
He begged his subjects' pardon for
The time he took to die.

LESLIE JOHNSON

HENRY VIII.

Henry was obese, a bejewelled slug
Among the roses. He'd a big bear's hug
For all the fair sex; but the wives he sampled
Were all, save one, thrown over and down trampled.
He liked love's dalliance, but would not kiss if
The ladies chattered or were unsubmissive;
If he suspected they had roving eyes,
He found a pretext for their prompt demise.
Did he support the church? The answer's grim:
He did, provided it supported him.
He bribed by largess, walking hand-in-glove
With cardinals, professing his great love,
Until the same grew squeamish and would squirm
Under his grip that daily grew more firm
Till they collapsed, self-pitying, weak-jointed,
Under the pressure of the Lord's anointed.

WILLY TADPOLE

House Purchase Facilities

- Liberal Advances
- Low Interest Rate
- Easy Repayment

TEMPERANCE PERMANENT
BUILDING SOCIETY
Established 1854

Apply for full particulars to Ronald Bell, Managing Director, 223-227, Regent Street, London, W.1.
('Phone: REGent 7282)

Branches Throughout the Country

MARTIN WOOD SON and PARTNERS

INDUSTRIAL SURVEYORS. MACHINERY VALUERS.

To Accountants	Engineer Inspections for tabulated data on allowable depreciation — Finance Acts.
To Insurance Brokers	Independent Certified Valuation for all Insurance Requirements.
To Estate Managers	Co-operative Engineer Inspections, Valuations Inventories.
To Business transfer, Brokerage Issuing Houses	SPOT VALUATIONS & INVESTMENT APPRAISAL.

HOL. 4485. 81 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.1

Company Meeting

KEMSLEY NEWSPAPERS LTD.

VISCOUNT KEMSLEY'S REVIEW.

THE twenty-third ordinary general meeting of Kemsley Newspapers, Ltd., was held on April 17th at Kemsley House, London. Viscount Kemsley (chairman) presided, and after reviewing the financial year said:—

"During the past year those stable conditions which so assist the management of business have been absent, both at home and abroad. Uncertainty has prevailed, and it has been our duty to plan our affairs against an ever-changing background.

"Until full confidence is restored both at home and abroad, trade and industry are not likely to experience those stable conditions which alone enable them to contribute in the highest degree to the general welfare.

"Let me restate our editorial policy. Editorially a newspaper has three functions, equally important, which need to be clearly separated.

"A newspaper must present the news, both local and national, with the highest degree of accuracy both in presentation and balance.

"It must provide instruction and entertainment for its readers in accordance with their tastes.

"Finally, it must make comment and express opinion on the events of the day, whether they be of local or of national interest, and this duty, performed as fearlessly as it is performed honestly, endows a newspaper with its character and individuality. In this matter of opinion, quite different considerations arise. Free and fearless statement of opinion is the very essence of democracy.

"The evil of the totalitarian method of ordering society is that those who have power seek to maintain it by preventing the expression of any opinion other than their own. The British people have always resisted any attempt to impose such restrictions upon them. They would, I am sure, no less to-day, refuse to follow any who might seek to lead them along the totalitarian path.

"The funds of the Trade Union movement, of the Co-operative movement, and of the Communist party are employed, to some extent—and I make no complaint—in conducting daily and weekly newspapers and periodicals in which the views held by these bodies are expressed with determination and vigour, and the views expressed are rigidly controlled by the proprietors. Other newspapers and groups of newspapers are not so tied and so rightly claim full independence in opinion. If that right is challenged, then a fundamental right of the British people is challenged at the same time.

"These and other aspects of newspaper production will, no doubt, be examined by the Royal Commission on the Press. It cannot, however, be passed without remark that, at a time when attacks are being directed against large and successful groups of newspapers, the Labour Party itself should announce its intention of establishing a chain of six hundred local newspapers with editorial and other matter supplied from London. Mr. Herbert Morrison, in the House of Commons, spoke of the newspapers 'printed and published in proud provincial cities,' and said, 'I do not like to see these newspapers converted into chain newspapers.' Mr Morrison's words read strangely in the context of this latest announcement of the Labour Party as to its own intentions in this field."

The meeting concluded with a vote of thanks to the chairman, directors and staff.

Appointments Vacant

UNIVERSITY College, Leicester. The Council proposes to establish (1) a Chair in Botany, and (2) a Chair in French, and invites applics. for the appointments, Sal. in each case £1,200 p.a., with participation in Federated Superann. System for Universities and in College Family Allowances Scheme. Partics. from Registrar, to whom applics. should be forwarded by May 17.

L.C.C. Education Officer's Dept. Applics. invited for two appointments as Assistant Education Officer, sal. £1,250-£75-£1,550. Persons appointed will be reqd. in first instance for duties in connection with primary and secondary education respectively under a Senior Assistant Education Officer and will be reqd. to carry out such other duties as may be assigned from time to time. They will bear a large measure of responsibility in their respective spheres for implementing the London Schools Plan prepared in accordance with the Education Act, 1944. Applicants must possess at least two of the following qualifics.: (1) a good Univ. degree; (ii) teaching exp.; (iii) exp. of educational administration. Forms of application (stamped add. foolscap env. nec.), obtainable from Clerk of the Council (K), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, must be returned so as to be received by May 17, 1947. Canvassing disqualifies. (995.)

L.C.C. Applics. invited from women for undermentioned posts in London education service. (1) Inspector of Domestic Subjects. To advise upon, organise and inspect instruction in domestic subjects in all educational establishments maintained and assisted by Council and to direct and supervise the work of assistant inspectors of domestic subjects. (2) Inspector of Special Education. To advise upon, organise and inspect the education of deprived, handicapped and delicate children in day and residential schools and to visit and report upon residential schools and homes maintained by Council and other bodies. Sympathetic understanding of "residential problems" is especially desired. Some evening work is involved in both above appointments and persons appointed will be reqd. occasionally to organise and give courses of lectures for teachers and perform such other duties as may be prescribed from time to time. Salary scale £1,000×£50—£1,300 p.a. In special cases candidates may be appointed at salaries above minimum of the scale. Separate applic. forms for each appointment are necessary and may be obtained from Education Officer (Estab./2), County Hall, London, S.E.1 (encl. stamped add. foolscap env.). Applics. to be returned by May 22, 1947. Canvassing disqualifies. (1054.)

L.C.C. Education Inspectorate. Applics. invited from women holding a recog. qualification as teachers of physical education for appointment as Assistant Organiser of Physical Education in London educ. service. Duties are to advise upon, organise and inspect instruction in physical education. Three positions are vacant for one of which a candidate must, in addition, possess ability to give and inspect instruction in various types of dancing. Evening work is involved and persons appointed will be reqd. occasionally to organise and give courses of lectures for teachers and perform such other duties as may be prescribed from time to time. Salary scale £600×£25-£700×£30-£880 p.a. In special circumstances a candidate may be appointed at a salary above minimum of scale. Applic. forms from Education Officer (Estab./2), County Hall, S.E.1 (enclosing stamped add. foolscap env.), to be returned by May 22. Canvassing disqualifies. (1055.)

UNIVERSITY College, Leicester. Applics. invited for following posts: Lecturers in Geography, Classics, Pure Maths., Organic Chemistry, Physics, and Assistant Lecturers in English language, in Classics, German and Chemistry. Salary scales: Lecturers, £500-£750; Assistant Lecturers, £450-£475. Commencing salary according to qualifics. and exp., with participation in F.S.S.U. and Family Allowances Scheme. Further partics. from Registrar, to whom applics. should be forwarded as soon as possible.

UNIV. of Leeds. Dept. of Education. Applics. invited from women with special qualifics. in Biology and successful exp. in school teaching, for post of Lecturer in Education on the salary scale £550-£25-£900 p.a., appointment to date from Oct. 1, 1947. Applics. should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 from whom further partics. may be obtained). by May 15.

L.C.C. Physiotherapists (women) reqd. at Cane Hill Hospital, Coulsdon, Surrey, Long Grove Hospital, Epsom, Surrey, and Bexley Hospital, Bexley, Kent (hospitals for nervous and mental disorders). Must be regd. with Chartered Society of Physiotherapy. Salary, £350, rising to £410 p.a. Comm. salary according to exp. For applic. form, returnable by May 12, send stamped add. foolscap env. to Med. Officer of Health (MHS/I), Public Health Dept. (Mental Health Services), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. (1103.)

ELLERSLIE Hall Approved School, Leeds, 1. Housemistress reqd. Applicants must be interested in Social Work and in delinquent adolescent girls (ages 15 to 19) of high intelligence. Housemistresses are responsible for the supervision of domestic work, character training, organisation of out of school activities and recreation, and their duties would entail some after-care work. Hand work or music an advantage. Salary according to age or qualifics. in accordance with the Home Office Scale. Minimum (A) Those with recognised qualifics. £310 p.a., rising by annual increments of £12 to £460, less £78 board-res. Minimum (B) If not holding qualifics. £290 p.a., rising by annual increments to £325, less £78 board-res. Write to Headmistress, 3 Cavendish Rd. Leeds, 1.

Appointments Vacant—continued

GLOUCESTERSHIRE Community Council. Applics. invited for post of Travelling Rural Officer. Duties will be mainly liaison between villages and Council's departs. responsible for Adult Education, Music, and Drama; also work on registers of educational activities and social survey. Applics. from ex-Service personnel either sex will be especially welcomed. Appointment will be full time. Sal. £400-£500 p.a. according to qualifics. Travelling exps. met. Further partics. General Secretary, Community House, Gloucester.

DEVON County Council (Medical Dept.). Psychiatric Social Worker reqd. for Child Guidance, Delinquency and other child and adult work. Sal. £370 by £20 to £530 p.a. (incl.), with travelling and subsistence allowances in addition. Appointment will be subject to satisfactory Medical Exam. and Provisions of Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937. The appointment will be terminable by 3 months' notice on either side. Applic. forms fr. County Med. Officer, 4 Barnfield Crescent, Exeter, and should be received within 3 weeks.

RESIDENT Neighbourhood Worker trained in family case work and interested in students of practical social science, reqd. by U.G.S. Settlement, Staffordshire St., Peckham. Apply: Warden, encig. copies refs.

DERBY Educ. Ctee. Bemrose School. (Secondary Grammar—800 Boys.) Reqd. in Sept., Assistant Master to teach Geography throughout the school, including some School Cert. and Higher School Cert. work. Salary, Burnham Scale. Candidates should state qualifics. in Economics. Interest in local Geography and survey an advantage. Candidates should give full details (including dates) of education, training, exp., and interest in "out-of-school" activities. Applics. (no form issued), stating age, etc., together with copies of 3 recent testimonials, to be forwarded at once to C. Middleton, Director of Education, Education Office, Council House, Corporation St., Derby.

HULME Grammar School, Manchester. A Direct Grant School. The Governors invite applics. for the post of Headmaster. The Headmaster must be a graduate of a University in the United Kingdom. He will be required to commence his duties in September next. The yearly stipend is £1,500, rising to £2,000. The number of boys in the school is about 700. There is an official residence attached to the school. Applics., stating age and testimonials (not more than three), should be sent before May 15 next to the Clerk at 8 John Dalton Street, Manchester, 2, from whom further partics. may be obtained if desired.

CLUB Leaders and Assistants reqd. for Y.W.C.A. Centres serving all age groups. Training nec. Salaries from £220 for young assistants up to £350 non-res. for local admin. posts. Hostel Wardens, Assistants and Cook-Caterers. Previous exp. in institutional work desirable but not essential. Salaries from £100 res. for assistants up to £220 res. for wardens. Higher salaries for a few posts involving special responsibility. Apply by letter only: Personnel Secy., Y.W.C.A. Natl. Offices, Great Russell St. W.C.1.

REQUIRED in Sept. for Recognised Girls' Prep. School—happy, progressive atmosphere—South coast, easy reach London, two resident Froebel mistresses for children aged 7½ to 10½, usual subjects, special interest in Nature Study or Art and Handwork. Revised Burnham scale. Apply: Principal, Portsdown Lodge School, Cooden Beach, Sussex

LONDON. Teaching staff wanted Sept. (1) Mathematics (subsid. Physics desirable), ages 11-17. (2) General subjects 11 yr. form. Subsid. craftwork essential P.T. useful. Recognised, progressive, co-educational day school. King Alfred School, North End Rd. N.W.11.

ST. Mary's Town and Country School reqs. (a) at Boarding School, Stanford Pk., nr. Rugby, Swinford 50, English Master and a Kindergarten Teacher (pref. couple) offering Painting/Acting/Games; (b) at Day School, 38 Eton Ave., N.W.3, PRI. 4306, Asst. Master for Gen. Sci., Carpentry, Games for up to 14's.

BEAUCHAMP Lodge Settlement, 2 Warwick Crescent, Paddington, W.2. Reqd. Assistant Housekeeper, with exp. in cooking and catering, to help in management of house and running of communal feeding centre. Interest in Social Service essential. Resident. Sal. according to qualifics. Apply: Warden.

WORLD Jewish Congress invites applics. for the position of an Organizer to take full charge of fund-raising activities in Great Britain. Applications with full particulars and salary required to: The Secretary, World Jewish Congress, 55 New Cavendish St. W.1.

APPLICATIONS invited for the post of Research and Publicity Officer at Headquarters of The National Union of Bank Employees, 28, Old Queen St., Westminster, S.W.1. Duties entail those usually associated with research work, preparation of propaganda material and general publicity. Salary £500-£600, according to qualifications.

BARRISTERS or Solicitors, not over 35, reqd. by Legal Publishers in London for full-time editorial work. Prev. exp. in such wk. not essential. Comm. sal. according to qualifics. but not exceeding £500 p.a. No Sats. Write giving full partics. Box 6696.

EXPD. Woman Clerk (over 21) reqd. by Middlesex C.C., at North Middlesex County Hospital, Edmonton, N.18. Good shorthand-typist; knowledge of hospital work and medical terminology an adv. Sal. £180 to £250 p.a. accg. age, plus tempy. bonus (now £60 p.a.). Unestab. Applic., stating age, quals., exp., with copies of up to 3 recent testimonials, to Medical Director (quoting B.451 N.S.) of Hospital, immediately. No forms.

SECRETARY Shorthand-Typist for American professional accountant. Please write, giving partics. of exp. and sal. reqd. Box 6275.

Appointments Vacant—continued

SECRETARY reqd. by International Student Organisation. Interesting work in Public Relations Dept. Excellent opening for well-educated girl with good secretarial training. Box 6784.

COUPLE wanted, cook housekeeper and gardener in co-ed. school (food reform). Would suit intelligent couple interested in education. Box 5637.

DOCTOR'S wife with two infants requires young companion-help to share work. Small modern house S. Devon coast. Box 6440.

MOTHER'S Help wanted; small house N.W. London. Girl 6½, baby 1. Comfortable room. Good wages and conditions. No rough work. Write giving full particulars. Box 6055.

DAILY Nurse required, 5-day week, sole charge baby girl 11 months. Both parents engaged in publishing. Daily woman for house, W.C.1 district. Box 6777.

CAVENDISH Secretarial Service, 13 Princes St. Cavendish Sq. W.1. All office staff supplied and wanted. Also copying of professional, literary, foreign and business papers. Duplicating. High standard. MAYfair 2772.

Appointments Wanted

EXPERIENCED secretary - shthd. - typist seeks part-time employment. Box 6036.

YOUNG woman, B.Sc. Eng., fair knowledge Maths. and radio, tolerable English-French, seeks remun. home occup. Box 6035.

FRUSTRATED young man (21), stagnating in parasitic occupation, urgently seeks interesting congenial post. Keen interest in books and music. Write Box 6027.

INTELLIGENT cap. secretary, pleasant personality, seeks interesting responsible post. Sal. £420 p.a. Write Box 6013.

WOMAN Graduate (28) seeks home or part-time work, London. Expd. Sec., sub-editing, fluent French; own typewriter. Lit./pol./research/trans., etc. Box 5986.

WANTED, post requiring organisational ability and initiative. Experience supervising clerical staff, workpeople and transport. Sound knowledge Trade Union and Local Government procedure. Box 5305.

COOK—Atholl Crescent trained, reqs. daily post in London school. N.W. distr. pref. Free Summer Term onwards. Box 6096.

YOUNG Man, 23. Released 5 years' land work as C.O., 8½ post. Good ed. but no special qual., wide ints., also scientific. Only living wage at present if work interesting and has prospects. Go anywhere. Box 6087.

Personal

MARRIED cple. sk. summer job, anything, anywhere. Suggestions Box 6098.

EVENINGS, Saturdays, Sundays, holidays. Ex-Capt., thirtyish, energetic, adaptable, educated, travelled, organiser, driver, sks. int. remunerative job. London area. Immediate offers awaited. Box 6105.

FRENCH parents desire accom. with cultured English family for 2 girls (15, 12), July-Aug., entry., coast, terms. Box 6028.

HOLIDAY accom. reqd. for Nannie and two children (3½ and 2 yrs.) July. Pref. farm or country house, and company children same age. Within 100 miles London. Vickers, 46 Belgrave Rd. S.W.1.

GIRL undergrad. seeks travelling position during summer months. Exps. only. Write H. Robertson, 4 Lockhart Place, St. Andrews.

WILL the heads of any schools where orthodox religious observance is not imposed please send syllabus to the advertiser. Box 6023.

A FORTNIGHT in September. Mother, son (agd. 2) welcome suggestions holiday. Please state terms. Box 6113.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship is main idea behind a couple's plan to establish and run internatl. hotel, possibly combined with perm. residents' (students'?) hostel. They wd. welcome any suggestions, partic. about location, suitable buildings, etc. Box 6114.

U.S.A. Yng. man seeks free passage from July. Offers services. Box 5973.

YOUNG man genuinely starting stamp collection earnestly requests unwanted stamps or collections. Phipps, 15 Redway Drive, Whitton, Mx.

ADVERTISER would invest £1,200 in co-educational boarding school. Chief subject—French. Box 5978.

ONE of the few promising young painters, extremely gifted, needs £150 p.a. to carry on. Who helps? Friends advertising without his knowledge. Box 5989.

WHITSUN in Paris. Join small party staying pleasant hotel near L'Opera. Also Swiss party Lake Maggiore, Whitsun parties Essex, Norfolk, North Wales, May 23. Box 1876.

SPANISH-German-French taught by experienced Spanish lady; conversations literary and scientific. Box 6127.

THREE or four bedroom furnished cottage wanted to rent for two weeks between June 7-28, close to sandy beach; preferably Cornwall, North Devon, Somerset, Dorset. Or possible exchange with someone wanting to spend similar period in two-bedroom Westminster flat. Refs. exchd. Box 6615.

PUBLISHING firm with assured paper quota, formed by Cambridge graduates to publish two new quarterlies and programme of cultured interest, can offer active or passive directorship to person with capital. Box 6461.

A.S.S.E.T.—The trade union for Executives, Supervisors and Technicians—sends May Day Greetings to all who believe in the planned organisation of production and distribution of goods in the interests of the community. J. H. Williams, Pres.; Harry G. Knight, Gen. Secy.

HOLIDAYS planned to meet your individual needs. Send for illus. booklet and mention country you wish to visit. Allways Travel Service, 20 Buckingham St. W.C.1. Gip. 1985.

Personal—continued

SPEEDY Optical Service by Qualified Opticians: Hatton Optical Co., Ltd., 19 Hatton Garden, E.C.1 (HOL. 8193). Bournemouth Branch: 290 Old Christchurch Rd. Lansdowne.

PRINTING business or suitable premises in or easy reach London, wanted urgently. Min. 4000-5000 sq. ft. Box 6094.

MODERN Russian (lessons, conversations, translations—literary and science) by Russian teacher-journalist. Box 5999.

MATHS. for matric., sch. cert. Rustomjee, 2 Carlingford Rd. N.W.3. HAM. 0210.

GREEK lady teaches mod. Greek W. Lond. Greek typing undertaken. Box 5982.

RUSSIAN lessons by lady educated in Russia. Tel. MOU. 9365.

PIANIST (Russian Diploma) gives music lessons, accompanying and coaching. Box 2123.

CONTACT Lens Practitioner. Wm. Sudder-Dean, F.B.O.A., F.N.A.C., 355 Oxford St. W.1. Write for leaflet.

HEAL'S wish to buy in good condition, patchwork quilts and hand quilted bedspreads. Will owners please send full description to Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd. London, W.1.

HEAL'S remake Mattresses (except certain spring interior types) and clean cases, but they regret they cannot supply new cases at present. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd. London, W.1.

YOUR Voice. Quality and Power increased 100 per cent. Ladies, gentlemen including many clergymen, report wonderful results. Booklet 2½d. stamp. Principal (Studio T), 80 Staple Hill Rd., Fishponds, Bristol.

POST-War Fatigue. Particulars regarding Training in Relaxation combined with a rest in beautiful and peaceful surroundings within easy reach London can be had from Secretary, Langley Rise, King's Langley.

GRAPHOLOGICAL Expert, scientifically trained with wide experience, gives advice in personal and business matters (appointment of staff, partnership, matrimonial affairs, child guidance, etc.), write to Graphological Bureau, 1 Woodside, Erskine Hill, N.W.11.

DELICIOUS vintage Cider and Perry supplied in returnable 6, 10 and 15-gallon casks. Immediate delivery while supplies last. Write for price list. The Cotswold Cider Co., Newent, Gloucestershire.

QUICKEST of all! Hail an Air Taxi! From 1s. 6d. a mile (2-3 seater) from your door to anywhere. Island Air Services, Room 203, Terminal Hse., Croydon Airport, Sy. CRO. 7744.

HAVE you Cockroaches? Buy Blattis for great scientific cockroach exterminator, works wonders. Tins, 1s. 9d., 2s. 10s., 5s. Sole Makers, Howarths, 473, Crookesmoor, Sheffield, 10, Chemists, Boots' Branches.

FOUNTAIN Pens repaired in 48 hours, returned reqd. C.O.D. High-grade propelling pencils at 13s. 6d. regd., post free. Hove Pen & Gift Shop, 5 Hove St., Hove, 3.

MAYFAIR Maid sells model gowns on commission without coupons. Alterations. 6, Derby St. Curzon St. W.1.

SHIRTS made to measure from own material. Also repairs neatly executed. No coupons. Malinow, 48 Gt. George St., Leeds, 1.

SANITATION needed quickly! Ready for instant installation, Elsan Chemical Closet needs no drains, no water. Odourless, germ-free, safe. Write for Free Booklet: Elsan (Dept. 377/4), 51 Clapham Rd. S.W.9.

BOOKS: Highest prices paid for all books in fine condition. Up to half published price for modern novels. Send for price list. Fiction Library Service, 159 Victoria St. S.W.1. Phone VICtoria 9827.

FOR Posts Vacant and Posts Wanted see "Women's Employment," Terminal House, S.W.1. Tel.: Sloane 1902 and bookstalls. 1st and 3rd Fridays. Price 4d.

Readers' Market

FOR Sale: Encyclopædia Britannica, 14th: offers; Muret-Sanders Encyclopædic English-German/German-English Dictionaries—offers; Britannica Encyclopædia, 9th Ed. 24 Vols. and Index, excellent condition—offers; Johnson's Dictionary, 1799; Dickens' Complete Works; "Horizon," 37-81, £4; Drawing Instruments; Underwood, Remington portables; skates, boots, 5; Typewriters: Baby Empire, unused; Olympia, as new: seen London—only good offers; Two Bird of Paradise Plumes, offers; Violin ¾-size, complete with bow, chin rest and case, excellent condition, 10gns.; extremely attractive scale models, collection 120 farm toys, £3; Crusaders, £2; excellent Zoo, £3; Cowboys and Indians, £6; Railway Personnel, £2; Dairy Farm, £4; Swiss Peasant Costume, 32in. bust; Maternity Dress; Gramophone Records, classical, played fibre-needle only; Rotary Gestetner No. 100030; Hand Addressograph and six drawer Plate Cabinet; Wrought Iron Standard Lamp.

WANTED: Sermons of John Donne, in good condition; Congreve's "Way of World"; London B.A. Gen. Papers, Nov., 1946—English, Psychology, History, Mod. Eur. Eng. Econ.; Solicitors' Final Papers, 1939-1947—urgent; M.A. (Cantab.) Gown; Men's size 8 Climbing Boots; Second-hand Typewriter, reliable make; "Political Quarterly," October, 1944; Lowie: History Ethnological Theory; Vol. 3, Madden's "Layamon"; Schütte: "Our Forefathers."

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10 Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and detail (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 1s. 6d. first word, 9d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS. 3s. per line (average 6 words). Box number 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tuesday. Insertion delayed many weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 3216.